

Dementors? In Little Whinging?

Grabbing his cousin he did the only thing he could do: he ran.

'Stupid! Stupid! Why on earth did I leave my wand at home?' he mentally berated himself, 'and why does Dudley have to be so damn SLOW!'

"Hurry up Dudley!" Harry cried.

"But I... I Can't go... much further," Dudley replied, between huffs.

Practically dragging his cousin, Harry tried to outrun the beasts, but he could feel it getting colder and colder. "Damn it Dudley, do you want to die!" he exclaimed.

Needing a second to draw air into his lungs, Dudley then asked, "Die? What are those things-"

Tripping on his big feet, Dudley fell like a brick - dragging Harry along with him. The big oaf hit his head on the hard pavement knocking himself unconscious.

Groaning under the weight of Dudley's obese frame, Harry looked up in horror. Dementors! Trying desperately to push his hefty cousin aside, he could do nothing but flail helplessly as the monster knelt down for a kiss...

Sitting behind her desk, Amelia Bones lazily sipped her cup of tea. She had not been having the best of summers; after that tri-wizard fiasco, the ministry had been involved in a virtual tug of war between Dumbledore and that moron Fudge and his associates. She had not been forced to take sides yet, but it was clear that if she did anything to support the headmaster she would lose her job.

Left with that pleasant thought, she took another sip of her tea and let out a loud sigh. Lifting her hand for another mouthful, she was interrupted by her door slamming open.

"Dementor attack! In Little Whinging!" shouted a rather fresh auror.

Jumping to her feet, Amelia shouted for a few aurors as backup, and sprinted towards the nearest apparition point in near record time.

Looking at the scene before her she let out a sigh. They'd been too late. Far too late.

Everywhere around her hinted to the presence of Dementors: The grass was wilted at the side of the road, a nearby puddle of water was frozen solid on a warm summer day, and of course the two soulless bodies lying on the pavement.

She knelt down to look at the two bodies.

The first boy was rather... large. Blond hair and a round belly. 'Likely a muggle,' she thought.

The second boy though, he looked all too familiar. Short and thin frame with green eyes, dark messy hair, and a jagged scar on his forehead. He just laid there; staring up at the sky.

Taking one last look at the boy, she then turned to one of her subordinates, and barely whispered, "Harry Potter has been kissed."

Entering the office, much past her shift, she practically collapsed into her chair. The media had gotten wind of the attack shortly after she left, and within hours, the death - because that is what the kiss ultimately amounted to - of the boy-who-lived... to-die was front page news across the wizarding world.

A couple rogue dementors was the official ministry stance, but that just couldn't be right.

Why Harry Potter? Why would a pair of rogue dementors decide to leave askaban, fly hundreds of miles to the place where Harry Potter lives, kiss him of all the thousands of people in the area, and then fly all the way back to the prison?

A terrifying thought crossed her mind and she could barely stomach it. Political assassination?

Only three people in the entire ministry had the ability to control dementors: The minister, his Senior Under-Secretary, and the azkaban warden.

She quickly rushed to the hall of records. If this was indeed political assassination, then speed was of importance.

No politician with any experience would leave a paper trail that would lead to their arrest, but dementor access left magical documents, and the minister and his subordinates had been playing media control all day. They may have been left with their pants down here.

Finding the correct folder, she scanned the most recent additions and almost dropped the file in shock.

8:34AM

Delores Umbridge, Senior Under-Secretary to the Minister of Magic

Two Dementors to Little Whinging.

Looking at the folder, all she could do was stare. It was one thing to suspect a conspiracy, but this... this was murder.

Grabbing the folder, she left the corridor and floo-called the only person she could think of to help

Dozens of grumpy wizards and witches stumbled into the Wizengamot, complaining as they went.

"Who in their right mind calls a session at this time of night!" complained an old and overweight wizard, "I had just laid down for the night!"

Emergency sessions of the Wizengamot were rare; Less than 1 or 2 a year, but ones at two in the morning were normally limited to wartime. Wizards and Witches enjoyed their sleep, and they were angry and wanted someone to blame.

Dear old Albus knew this and was hoping for a witch-hunt, and he had just the witch.

"Order! Order! I now bring this emergency session of the Wizengamot to session!" Albus bellowed, "Are all members accounted for?"

Just then a few stragglers stumbled in. Fudge and his entourage.

"If everyone would be seated, a grave offense has been committed, and we are here to rectify the situation and apply justice!"

A few murmurs went through the crowd.

"And this couldn't have waited until the morning, Chief Warlock?" Minister Fudge practically snarled.

He had been trying all summer to discredit and otherwise marginalize Albus, but had failed at the previous session to ouster the man.

"No, it most certainly could not, Minister," replied the man, all appearance of his grandfatherly charm evaporating in that moment. "I bring forth evidence proving the murder of Harry James Potter!"

Cries of outrage echoed across the chamber. Others shouted, "Proof! We want proof!"

"This is preposterous! Potters getting kissed, while tragic, was the result of a terrible accident! There was no murder! You have obviously lost all that was left of your questionable sanity!" yelled the Minister. Cheers were heard from his corner, while other witches and wizards in another corner were still shouting "Proof!"

"SILENCE!" the Chief Warlock shouted, magic amplifying his voice, and suddenly quieting the boisterous crowd, "I call forward Delores Umbridge to stand on the charge of murder by dementor's kiss!"

A horrified look quickly crossed the face of the Senior Under-Secretary before she calmed her face. Most missed the look, but Albus saw, and at that moment knew he had his woman.

"Lies! Lies! I would never do any such thing!" She shrieked, "This is clearly an underhanded plot to discredit the ministry!"

"You will stand for charges, or you will be brought using force." he calmly stated. She shook her head rather forcefully. Albus then nodded in the direction of Amelia.

"Aurors, escort Madam Umbridge to the floor." Amelia ordered.

Attempting to keep the last of her dignity, the toad rose and slowly descended the stairs to the center of the chamber.

"I object! As Minister of Magic I demand that this farce is ended now!" shouted the clearly flustered man. He stomped his foot to appear as if in control, but he in fact looked like a child in the midst of a tantrum.

Looking towards the minister, Albus spoke, "You need to brush up on your parliamentary procedure, Minister. The Wizengamot is in control of criminal matters, and you are not a member of this body at this time. I must kindly ask you to refrain from undermining my authority in this matter." Albus replied, "For while you may be the Minister of Magic, I am the Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot."

Turning to the toad of a woman he asked, "Madam Umbridge, do you require the services of a solicitor?"

"I most certainly do not!" she shouted, "I have done nothing wrong!"

Hiding a small smile, Albus then asked, "Very well, as Senior Under-Secretary to the Minister of Magic you do have access to dementors, correct?"

"Well, yes but..."

"Did you send the two dementors to Little Whinging yesterday morning?" he asked quickly.

"No! Of course not!"

"Ladies and gentlemen of the Wizengamot, I will now be inserting the hall of records file detailing dementor orders," said the man, taking the file out from below his podium, "This file holds records for all access to dementors within the last month. I will be labeling this as prosecution exhibit A," waiting a beat to calm the murmurs, the headmaster then continued, "This file proves without a shadow of a doubt, that at 8:34AM yesterday morning Madam Umbridge ordered two dementors to Little Winging in order to kiss Harry Potter."

Turning back to the woman, Albus asked, "Do you refute these claims?"

"Lies! These are utter lies!" She yelled in a shaky voice.

"Under article 2-5 of the 1654 treaty for the Ministry of Magic, I call for a vote to allow veritaserum in questioning the accused!" he bellowed, "Article 2-5 clearly states that the Wizengamot reserves the right to question under veritaserum when ministry records do not match the verbal accounts in a felony case, given that the majority of the Wizengamot votes to allow"

Waiting to allow the voices to disperse he then said, "I call a vote to allow veritaserum!"

Standing from his seat minister Fudge then bellowed, "I order this session of the Wizengamot to a close!"

"You have no authority over this body Minister. Stand down, or you will be removed," said the headmaster in a firm voice.

The minister then sat rather grudgingly.

"All the yay's, cast your vote," he said. Tallying the votes he then said, "And the nay's?" after a moment, he looked up from the tally sheet and said, "Motion is passed, 55-26. Auror's, administer the veritaserum."

At that moment the toad attempted to flee, and was brought down with a stunner. The aurors made quick work, and in less then a minute she was disarmed, bound and administered the proper dosage. She was then re-enervated.

"As Chief Warlock, only I will ask the questions." he said, "What is your full name?"

"Delores Jane Umbridge"

"What is your occupation?"

"I am the Senior Under-Secretary to the Minister of Magic"

"Did you send the dementors that attacked and kissed Harry James Potter?"

After a small pause where she was obviously attempting to fight the potion, she then said, "Yes"

Gasps then filled the chamber, and Fudge looked incensed.

"Why did you decide to have Harry Potter kissed?"

"The Minister and I decided that he was too much of a political obstacle, so we decided it was best if he no loner had a chance to speak against the ministry."

"Was the minister aware of this attack beforehand?"

"Yes."

"He did nothing to stop the aforementioned attack?"

"No, he encouraged it."

At this moment a loud scuffle was heard as the Minister attempted, and failed, to escape the chamber.

It didn't take much more than that. The minister was removed from office, and ironically enough both he and his little pink friend were sentenced to the dementor's kiss as punishment.

Given Delores' appearance, it was likely the very first and very last kiss she'd ever had.

If she had chosen practically any other method of murder, she may have continued a nice long ministry career.

But then again, Wizards are stupid.

AN: Fun to write, and I hope you all enjoyed reading. This will be only one of many one-shots exploring the stupidity of Wizardingkind.

A Bad Foundation

The muggle world moved to an industrial society due to necessity; too many people, not enough things to go around, and the general convenience of city living. Specialization was a big thing in the industrial revolution. People specialized in many different career paths, one of them being home builders.

Building codes were created to ensure a consistent standard for the safety of a home. One does not, for instance, build a house on a bad foundation. One needs to make sure that the land under a house is firm, and that the foundation for the house is adequate for the weight of the house. One also does not generally build rooms on top of roofs, or then build rooms on top of the rooms one built on top of the roof. That would just be a recipe for unpleasantness.

Muggles specialize and go to school, they learn not do silly things like that.

A house is designed by an architect, and looked over by an engineer. Then it's built by various carpenters; carpenters who might even specialize in certain aspects of the construction. One team of carpenters will build the foundation, and a different team will be the one to frame the house, and so on and so forth.

Wizards on the other hand did not go through an industrial revolution. When a wizard wants a house, one generally either has a goblin build one for them from stone (which is generally a good idea.), buys an old used one from a muggle (can't have that pesky elektikity getting in the way of your fancy space expansion charms!), or one builds one themselves (which is generally a very BAD idea)

Arthur Weasley, when deciding on where to raise his family, decided to buy an old muggle house. Fascinating creatures those muggles are. He bought it from an elderly couple.

To a wizard, a house that's a hundred years old may not seem too bad, but a muggle house of a hundred years will likely be in a rather bad state of disrepair.

Said house was crawling with termites; they were slowly eating the house from within. The old roof had seen better days, and multiple leaks over many years had lead to rotten wood on the trusses and had weakened many of the load bearing studs. Given its current state, it was already quite the deathtrap.

The family started small, and its current configuration was quite suitable. A few space enlargement charms tripled the size of their home, and a couple water repellent charms solved the problem of the leaky roof.

The home was rather comfortable until their third child. Percy needed a room, and Arthur decided, the crafty man he was, that he would build a nice little addition to their house. He'd do it himself, no need to hire a professional. His wand was as good as theirs.

Back to the industrial revolution for a moment here, given that there was less of the specialization in the wizarding world. There were no architects, no engineers, and no qualified carpenters.

An architect would have seen the leaks and tested for termites. He would have seen how terrible an idea it would be for Arthur to build a room on top of a roof. But there are no architects in the wizarding world.

An engineer would have easily spotted what the architect did, he would have also have done the math and seen how decrepit the house was. He'd likely have called the city and had the house condemned. But there are no engineers in the wizarding world.

A carpenter would have seen the house, heard what the owner wanted, and then run away screaming, sprinting as fast as physically possible. But there are no carpenters in the wizarding world.

So Arthur Weasley decided to do it himself. He found a book on home improvements in Diagon Ally, and went to the nearest lumber yard to buy materials.

And he was all set.

He cast a spell on the house to fortify the foundation, the trusses, and the load bearing walls. Given that the trusses and load bearing

walls were rotten that was probably a good thing. The spell he used was designed for only one floors worth of weight, which was sufficient for his current needs.

He built the room and it worked well.

A couple years passed and Arthur decided that the twins need a room as well. Given that Bill an Charlie were sharing a pullout bed in the living room, it was decided that if he was building a room for the twins, then Bill and Charlie needed rooms too. Also, given that Molly had another child on the way, it was decided to build the unborn Ron a room.

The first addition was rather simple. By itself the house was fine, but there's the rub, Arthur kept building things on top of each other. Also, those aforementioned termites were still there; still eating to their hearts content.

So again, Aurther searched for his trusty home improvement book and skimmed over the first few chapters. The first chapter was pretty basic, and it had the spell for fortifying the trusses and load bearing walls. He skipped that thinking he had already done that last time.

He had, but for only one floor worth of additions. Now he was building extra floors on a structure that was already of questionable strength.

Heading over to the lumber yard, laughing at all the silly muggle construction tools. Who needs a level? Measuring tape? Please! He picked up his materials, and headed back to the burrow to start his little weekend project.

The first couple rooms went in easy enough, but Aurtur just kind of ignored those pesky cracking and squeaking noises as he continued to build. The next couple of rooms were further punctuated by more and more cracking and squeaking noises, but the structure somehow managed to stay upright.

It was a miracle of epic proportions.

So another couple years past.

Ron was born, and then so was Ginny.

The two youngest shared a room for a year because really, what does a baby need in its room besides its crib? But sadly, children grow. Ron was in serious need of his own room at this point and it was decided that the house could use just one more room. So it was decided to build a room right at the top.

A cherry on the top so to speak.

At this point the house was barely capable of supporting its own weight, let alone the weight of two adults (three if you count a certain rat), seven children, furniture, pets, and most definitely not the weight of yet another room.

Aurthur didn't even search for the book this time. He knew the spells now by heart, and it was just a small addition this time. Nothing to worry about at all.

After getting the material to the house he realized that there was no possible way he could fit the materials through all the twisting hallways in his house, so he decided to just place a featherlight charm on the materials and levitate them all the way to the top.

Smiling at his ingenuity, he did just that and then walked into the house.

He greeted his brood in the kitchen, snagging a piece of bacon on his way up the stairs. Whistling an old tune, Arthur finally reached the top and took a seat on the top stair. He took a nice little break and thought over what he needed to do.

After a short wait, he decided it was time to get going. Arthur decided to start with removing the featherlight charm on the materials.

That probably wasn't the best of plans.

If the man had just used a little bit of common sense, he might have seen his children grow up to be incredible people. Two headboys! Three prefects! Successful businessmen! A daughter married to the boy-who-lived!

But then he released the featherlight charm and his house collapsed killing everyone inside.

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: That was kinda hard to write, given that I love the weasleys. Well, aside Ron, but we'll get to him.

Incest is bad

Lucius Malfoy had always dreamt of the day when he had his heir. A Pure-blooded heir. An heir he could mold into a fine Lord. He'd teach him about Pure-Bloods, Half-Bloods, and Mudbloods and teach him of their place.

It would be glorious.

That was why he was so happy when he discovered who his parents had chosen for his betrothed. Mother it seems had pulled some strings with the Blacks; she'd negotiated with her brother Cygnus for his daughter Narcissa. Only a paltry fifty thousand galleons for such pure blood! A black! Ha! They had the purest of bloods! Mother was a black, so we know that our bloods were compatible.

A first cousin! What a wonderful relation!

The wedding was beautiful and was front page news.

Lucius was more excited about the wedding night. An heir will be conceived this night! His heir will have the best of both the Blacks and the Malfoys.

He took her into his arms that night, and in many nights to come.

Years passed and Lucius grew weary. Was his wife barren? Was he impotent? Surely the finest of Pure-Bloods like themselves could sire an heir!

Tests were done, and it was confirmed that they were both fertile.

Strange.

They tried for another year before they decided to have a procedure done. A few spells and suddenly Narcissa was with child. It was the happiest day of his life.

It was time. He called the healers to his home and sat by his wife. In a matter of hours he would have his heir. A great heir. With the blood of two of the purest families. He could hardly contain his joy.

A magical birth was much more pleasant than a muggle one. A spell removes all pain. Another piece of magic, a variant of the engorgio charm makes the birthing canal easier to retrieve the child from.

There were smiles all around. His Draco was born!

Until they had a look at the child. Their poor inbreed child. Deformed.

Draco Malfoy, heir to the Malfoy family, was a circus freak.

The first thing that was noticeable was the third arm.

That was pretty hard to miss.

Each of his arms was tipped with anywhere between three and seven fingers. Fourteen in all.

Another thing was that he was without... a thing... He did have three testicles though. The more the merrier it seems.

His face was equally deformed.

His mouth was off to the side at a minor angle.

His other mouth was on his neck.

His nose was upside down, and his ears were downside up.

His eyes seemed fine, all three of them.

His beard could use a trim though.

An awkward silence filled the room. That was until the baby started crying. The cries came out like rooster crows.

Lucius couldn't find anything to say. This could not be his heir. Not a way in hell.

He turned to the healer, pulling his wand as he went.

"Obliviate!" He intoned, "You were never here, Narcissa was never pregnant, and this... beast never existed! Leave!"

The healers left by floo post-haste. Lucius and Narcissa were left in the room for a while to think.

"We can't keep it Lucius." she finally said, "I will not be known as the mother to some freak. Get rid of it."

He looked to the child and let out a sigh. Such a pity, all that gold spent to get her pregnant. He cast a killing curse and grabbed the dead infant by one of its legs; as he walked to the boiler room for incineration, the child's head dragging on the floor as he went, he said, "Oh well, we can try again tonight."

He could try divorce and fine a less related match, because first cousins are obviously not meant to breed.

He could adopt.

Hell, he could get a servant pregnant, but instead it takes them another three failed pregnencys before they finally find their heir: Draco the fifth.

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: It was fun letting the bad guys feel some pain.

Chapter 4: Who's left?

In the old world, Draco was a prince.

His father was a powerful man.

In Slytherin house he need just mention his father's name to quell any argument. He was the top of the food chain, and boy did he eat.

He was a prince, a spoiled prince, and that made it oh so very hard when he fell from his throne.

His father had failed. A group of school children defeated a party leaded by one of the Dark Lord's most trusted. Claiming imperius is a one time thing; the second time you are found to be a member of a terrorist faction, you go to jail.

He'd instantly went from the top to the bottom. Instead of winning arguments by mentioning his father's name, people would laugh. How can a azkaban resident possibly help you?

It was bad, but when father escaped it would be back to the way it should be. More importantly though, the Dark Lord had given the boy a task of his own. A task that he could not fail.

He failed.

Boy, did he fail.

He wasn't a killer; whats worse is that he discovered this fact in the presence of multiple of the Dark Lord's most trusted.

What was bad became worse. Now he was considered the lowest of the Dark Lord's servants. Even that despicable rat Pettigrew was considered a more worthy man. Aunt Bellatrix would look at him with contempt.

Even his father could hardly stand to look at him.

The Dark Lord had finally won. Potter was dead, and the resistance died with him.

The Dark Lord had the ministry, he had Hogwarts, and now he had Potter. With no one left to fight, the changes were swift.

He killed the mudbloods first. Every last one.

Half-bloods were forced to intake veritaserum to prove their heritage.

Then the Half-bloods were killed too. It started as a registration program. All Half-bloods were fitted with a tracer bracelet. Sent home, they were all then killed in their sleep by the "Aurors".

He didn't stop there however. The Dark Lord was not Grindelwald; he did not seek to control the muggles. In a few short months there were but a handful of them alive in the whole United Kingdom.

Dementors were very efficient killers.

So now all that remained were Pure-bloods. The class meant to rule quickly learned that they had none left to rule. They also had none to serve them.

The most wealthy in gold or prestige still ruled, but Draco had neither. Also, by attempting to ride through life on his father's coattails, Draco never applied himself in school, thus leaving him with no marketable skills.

"Get back to work you lazy bastard!" a man yelled, jarring Draco from his thoughts, "That hippogriff shit won't shovel itself!"

Readyng his shovel Draco sighed.

Maybe supporting the Dark Lord wasn't that good of an idea?

But then again wizards are stupid.

AN: I just love causing Draco hardship.

Chapter 5: He can walk!

Harry was a happy infant. Smart too.

He took his first step halfway through his ninth month.

His first word was "Pa-foot!". Sirius was very happy with that.

He was walking around at a pretty good clip by the time Halloween came up.

They'd left the house that night so Harry could enjoy at least one day outside.

Dressed as a vampire, a few muggles were rather confused when James advised against blood pops for candy. "He may look like a vampire, but I assure you he isn't!" he said, before whisking his boy away to another home.

It wasn't safe to be out and about, but it was muggle London, and it was Halloween!

Harry stood in his crib as he heard the commotion downstairs. Running shortly through the door was his Ma-Ma. She looked scared. She flicked her magic stick around a few times and said a few funny words. As she finished, a blue glow surrounded him and Ma-Ma.

Then the mean man busted down the door.

They spoke quickly and abruptly. He looked angry. Ma-Ma looked angry too, then she looked sad. When she was hit with the green light Ma-Ma hit the floor.

"Ma-Ma!" he screamed, feeling a weird feeling creeping over his body.

The mean man with the red eyes looked at him and laughed before sending the green light at the boy. The green light hit the boy and as this happened that same weird blue light from before sprung up and reflected the beam back at the mean man with the red eyes.

Dumbledore was quick to the scene. A few diagnostic spells told the senile old man what happened.

Old magic. Blood protections.

Seeing his chance, Albus quickly ordered Hagrid to take the boy to his aunts. Blood wards will keep him safe.

Half an hour later, the headmaster popped onto privet drive and walked to number 4. He saw the large shape of Hagrid and said, "Thank you Hagrid. Go back to Godric's Hollow and see if you can help there."

After seeing Hagrid leave, Dumbledore knelt down to the basket and started his spells. A few minutes later he was done and took a look at the child. The future of the world sat on that boy's shoulders.

Seeing that the boy was asleep, the old man penned a short message to his relatives and walked away.

Waking after a few moments, Harry raised his head. It was dark outside, and it was cold. Where's Ma-Ma or Da-Da?

Trying his luck, little Harry asked, "Ma-Ma? Da-Da?"

Hearing no response, he rose from the basket. Grabbing the blanket as he went, Harry walked to the curb.

"Pa-foot? Moo-nee?"

Walking further forward Harry continued forth.

That was when he was hit by a car.

Most children take their first steps by their first birthday - the same in both the wizarding and muggle worlds - and Harry was one and a half years old. You don't leave small children unattended on doorsteps on cold November nights.

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: Ah, poor Harry, but it always bothered me that someone as 'wise' as Albus would leave a child like that.

Chapter 6: Spell-o-tape

Ron was not one for hard work, but right now it was the time. Some monster was roaming the halls, and that moron Lockheart was not helping at all.

He needed to be able to protect himself.

He needed to be able to protect his sister.

Grabbing his trusty wand, he took an advanced spell book, and went in search for an empty classroom.

His wand. Twelve inches, Ash, with a single unicorn hair. It has belonged to his older brother Charlie for a time. Before that it had been from some uncle of his.

It had not been the greatest of fits in the first place.

First year he had been having trouble with the simplest of spells. His troubles with the levitation charm had caused him to lash out against the only person that was willing to help.

It was broken now. Damn tree. He'd fixed it though; a few wraps with Spell-o-Tape and it works again. Well, sort of... Sometimes it gets the correct result, sometimes he ends up spitting up slugs. But, oh well.

Finding a suitable room, he quickly rushed inside.

He quickly perused through the book. Ha! Like a tickling charm will do anything to a giant monster! A stunning charm? Not bloody likely. Ah! A blasting charm! that could work. If they can use it to mine ore, then it can probably do some damage.

Reducto. Worth a shot.

Deciding to give it a try, Ron missed a couple things. The blasting charm was far too advanced for his current level. Charms like that one require both power and finesse. He had the former, but was sorely lacking in the latter.

Too much power and no control will result in a very large blast.

The other thing he missed was that a broken wand needs to be repaired by an expert.

Spell-o-Tape does not a new wand make.

They found what was left of his body the next morning. Filch had a hell of a time cleaning the brain matter from between the stone cracks.

Anyone with half a brain - and with what Filch scraped up from the floor, maybe he didn't? - would know to stay away from using that wand. Hell, earlier that year a relatively easy spell backfired and had him eating slugs!

If a easy spell failed, then why should a difficult one work?

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: I assure you, this will not be the last time Ron's stupidity gets him killed.

Trust me.

Chapter 7 - Harry in Azkaban

It had been the trial of the century.

Harry Potter, The-Boy-Who-Lived, was guilty of murder.

The ministry had made quite the show of it. Fudge had even managed to keep his job!

It all started one day when Harry Potter's trace activated. They had been preparing to send the boy a letter, when they noticed the spells being used. An intestines exploding curse, a decapitation curse, and a killing curse. As per the proper protocol a team of Aurors were dispatched at once.

Rushing through the door the Aurors were hard-pressed not to vomit.

It wasn't the decapitated head of a rather rotund blond haired boy that had their collective gag reflexes going, nor was it the blood spattered all over the room.

No, it was the rather poinient smell of feces from the intestines exploding curse. The fat man had a rather large lower intestine, and it was filled to the brim from a few good meals, or rather, it was until it exploded and covered the walls, floor, and ceiling with a hefty layer of... shit.

A quick bubble-head charm saved them from the smell, but no charm in the world could stop them from the visual of a blood and shit covered Harry Potter standing and mumbling over his relatives with his wand drawn.

Pensieve memories from that moment, along with the readings from his trace, was the prosecution's key evidence.

They didn't need more, so veritaserum was not needed.

It couldn't be used anyways, because a certain potions professor was very eager to admit to the proper authorities that he had 'taught' Harry in occlempency. A master occlempens can lie under the potion,

and dear old Severus just omitted the fact that the boy couldn't block the very weakest of mental probes.

But the prosecution had no motive. Why would the boy just up and kill his family for no good reason? It just didn't make sense!

Or rather, it didn't until an anonymous tip lead them to discover a pretty good motivation: Harry Potter, The-Boy-Who-Lived, had been abused! Shocking!

Means, motive, and opportunity. They were used in muggle and magical courtrooms alike to prove guilt.

He had a wand, he had the means.

He was abused, he had the motive.

He was a wizard with five years of training, he most definitely had the opportunity.

They had their man, and they had their punishment.

Life in Azkaban!

Too bad he was innocent.

Life went on. The war went on.

The light was getting their collective asses handed to them.

The biggest blow came when their 'trusted' potions professor proved his loyalties.

To the Dark Lord.

Twenty good men and women died that night, and Dumbledore took a big hit. His right hand man, a man who he 'trusted implicitly', was a cold blooded killer.

And if Ginny or Hermione was to be believed, a rapist as well.

Albus had the shock of his life one night as he interrogated a prisoner.

Draco Malfoy, the ponce, had the audacity to try and rape a first year muggleborn student on her first day of class.

Ron liked to curse child rapists. So did his Gryffindor friends.

Needless to say, Draco spent nearly half of a month in the infirmary before they could question him, and boy was he a fountain of knowledge.

Hideouts, corrupt ministry employees, and the names of dozens of previously unknown Death Eaters. Lucius had a very loose tongue when he hit the fire-whiskey, and he loved to boast.

The headmaster thought he had hit a figurative gold mine before a stray question led them to something truly horrifying.

Harry Potter was innocent.

It was quite the ruse the Dark Lord had pulled.

Even after the veritaserum had long worn off, Draco had kept talking. Half of slytherin knew. Severus had known, hell it was his idea!

Stupid Gryffindors fell for it hook line and sinker.

Albus had Harry's release papers in hand, and was on the first ship to the island.

How could I have been so blind? There was a prophecy for Merlin's sake! Harry was so quiet and gentle, how could he have possibly done what he was accused of? Damn you Severus.

How will he react to the news? Surely he will be grateful to see me again. I saved him from the horrors of this prison. He'll trust me just like before, and then I can use him just like I have already planned.

Or perhaps he will be resentful? Maybe he will be upset that I didn't free him sooner. Maybe I should pass a law forcing him to stay at Hogwarts? That will allow him to forgive us.

Maybe his will have spent his time training? Wandless magic perhaps?

Maybe he is now secretly the lord of Azkaban and he can control the dementors?

It could really be anything -

Ah! Here it is! Sure is cold with all the dementors...

"Harry my boy!" He said, eyes twinkling merrily, "I have come to free you!"

He waited for a response and heard nothing.

"Your free! We have discovered your innocence!"

He again heard nothing.

Sighing, he unlocked the cell and walked in.

He turned to the lumpy mattress in the corner and saw the boy.

He was drooling in the corner mumbling about pink elephants and moldy frogs.

Albus said the only thing that came to mind:

"Well, shit."

It was well known that Harry was weak to a dementor's aura. It was also well known that Harry was a very nice person. Killing wasn't in his nature. Not to mention where the hell would he learn to explode someone's intestines?

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: Its always bothered me how an Azkaban!Harry will always be better for the experience. He either learns wandless magic, finds a wand, becomes friends with the dementors, becomes to lord of some uber awesome nation, or all of the above. He also seems to get laid alot by Bellatrix with her drooping Azkaban tits.

Maybe it's just me?

Chapter 8 - A time turner? Seriously?

Hermione was a smart kid. Everyone knew that.

Her first year she had the highest average that a first year had ever had. It had turned quite a few heads. A muggle-born with a perfect O average? How is that even possible?

What really made people take notice was her second year. Even with her missing a large portion of the year in the infirmary, she still asked to take her final exam. The exams had been canceled, but Albus was willing to humor her.

Quite the shock when she ran the table with straight O's once again.

She waffled for a time, but in the end she decided to take all of the possible electives.

This left the Headmaster with quite the conundrum. She clearly had the intelligence to study all of the classes, but there just was not enough time in the day...

Ah! There you have it! A time turner! What a wonderful idea. She can take all the classes she needs, and perhaps people will take muggle-borns more seriously when she manages the most O.W.L.S. in the history of Hogwarts!

It's decided then, she will be enrolled in all the classes, and she will receive a time-turner. Nothing bad could possibly come of this!

She had been using the time-turner for a few months now.

Ron and Harry had made some comments at the beginning about her full schedule, but they had lost interest when they found their own workload increased with the two new classes.

She was thinking about her next class, Divination. What a terrible teacher she had. What a fraud.

Checking her bag for the day, Hermione realized she was missing a quill. She checked her trunk and realized she only had one more left. One more thing to pick up in Hogsmeade...

Gathering her things she looked at her watch and saw the time. Only ten minutes!

She rushed down the stairs, and as she made her way to class she forgot about her minor quill situation.

Such a small detail was barely worth a thought when she could possibly be late to class!

What a fraud!

She rushed down the tower in a hurry. This was the first class she had ever walked out on.

Left with nothing to do, and needing to calm her nerves she decided to go to her happy place: the library.

She pulled half dozen books down for some light reading, and pulled out some parchment and her quill for some notes.

Or rather, she would have pulled out her quill if, in her moment anger towards her professor, she hadn't left it sitting on her desk.

With a huff, Hermione left the library to get another from her trunk.

She couldn't exactly show her face back in class to pick up a quill after her little tantrum could she?

Not wanting to be caught out of class, she decided to turn time back an hour and sneak into her dorm.

Thank Merlin for small favors. An hour previous, her younger self and most of the school was in the great hall.

That made getting into the getting into her dorm rather easy.

She didn't want to meet her young self, so she was in quite the hurry and forgot about the quill in her trunk being her last quill.

This was not good.

The second she grabbed the quill she made herself a nice little time paradox.

Both her and herself needed a quill. Past self had gotten said quill already and had then lost it. Present self now needed a quill, and took the same quill that she had already taken previously. But now past self won't have a quill to take and then lose...

The universe chose that exact moment to implode.

Time-turners were outlawed and researched by the department of mystery's for a reason. Paradoxes are to be avoided at all cost.

What ran through Albus' mind when he decided to give Hermione a dangerous magical artifact? Not much, given that he was a senile old man.

But then again, Wizards are stupid.

AN: Why oh why would something as dangerous as a time-turner given to a student for the most frivolous of reasons...? Albus is not all there.

FYI, I have been rather slow with the updates because I just got back from a trip to Calgary, and spent a couple days at a house without internet.

Chapter 9: Drinking and Apparating.

The war was finally over. You-Know-Who was dead, and so too were his horcruxes.

Harry had done the impossible. No man had ever survived a killing curse, let alone three!

He'd done it as a baby, and that was truly remarkable. He'd done it as an adult, sacrificing himself for the greater good. Then, he'd done it again not long afterwards; something about wands and their masters...

Harry always won, and it was good being his best mate. Chicks dig the hero, and when they find the hero is already attached, they go for the side-kick.

It was good being Harry, but it was pretty damn good being Ron too.

Hermione, the prude, had said that she wanted to wait. Feh! Well I ain't gonna wait! Girls are literally hanging all over me, and she wants to wait?

Ron was having the time of his life. Just like the Dark Lord's last defeat, there were parties galore. Ron could have his fill of anything he wanted.

Food, drink, and of course, ladies.

He ate to his hearts content, he drank until well past tipsy, and he could walk up to any dame he wanted and they would say yes.

Oh yes, it was good being Ron Weasley.

For the sixth night in a row, Ron had gone to another party. He wasn't a complete moron (or maybe he was?), he knew that the euphoria (not that he used that word in his mind) over Voldemort's (also, not that word coward that he is) defeat wouldn't last forever, so he partied while he could.

He was well past the half way mark on his bottle of whiskey before a pretty little blond came his way.

A few minutes of discussion proved she was dumber than he was, and he was keen to take advantage.

In a few minutes they were snogging, with her straddling his waist, and he had a hand up her blouse. Simpleton he was, the only though going through his mind was 'Boobs!'

With tongues battling for better position, he was rather enthused when he felt a hand graze his tented pants.

Huskily she whispered in his ear, "Wanna go somewhere more... quiet?"

Not a minute later, Ron and his companion found themselves outside on a busy London street. Preparing to apparate, he suddenly remembered that he left his wand on the table.

"Hey, I forgot my wand, wanna meet me at the Leaky Cauldron?" He asked

"Sure, but don't make me wait," she replied, trailing off, "I might just start without you..."

He watched her leave, and when he heard the customary 'pop' he practically sprinted back into the apartment in search of his wand.

He found it next to his bottle of whiskey, and took one more swig for the road.

Finding himself back outside, Ron readied himself for the trip.

Now, Ron was never very good at apparition. He failed his first test, and splinched himself many times over the last year. Hermione had to heal him once with dittany over their little hunt.

Alcohol did not make him any better. No, in fact it made him a fair bit worse. That, and the fact that he was rather... distracted... at the moment he left was not a good thing.

It's strange that while he was thinking with his penis, it was the only thing he left behind.

A stray dog had a nice snack though...

Anyone with a lick of sense doesn't drink and apparate...

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: Ah, Ron, when will you ever learn...?

Chapter 10: Killer Cocktail

Draco had grown up his entire life hearing grand stories of the Dark Lord. So powerful no witch or wizard could touch him. He could kill or control any who opposed him.

And he kills mudbloods, that's always awesome.

Draco's father was a big supporter, as was his Godfather, so Draco knew that when the time came, the Dark Lord would ask him to serve.

He was so happy when he got his mark, and after a short meeting with his master he already had a mission.

It was difficult, but it wasn't impossible. Dumbledore was a fool, and Draco would be the one to take advantage.

Okay, so the first attempt didn't work so well.

Who would have thought that the stupid girl wouldn't be able to get the necklace to the old fart.

It seemed like such a foolproof plan! Curse the necklace, imperius the girl. How could that have possibly failed?

He let out a loud sigh. Back to the drawing board...

Poison! Yes, that's it!

The old man won't last too long after a big dose of that!

Draco, ever the sly dog, was able to convince his Uncle Severus to sneak him in a bottle of mead. It was for a friend's birthday, that's all! No one dieing painfully here!

Now for the poison... something strong. Ah! Here we are. This will do nicely.

Maybe I should have paid better attention in potions class? Severus always gives O's to us, but it's probably a good skill to have...

Says its supposed to be green, but really, there's yellow in green right? Probably not supposed to have the purple flecks though... Oh well, its supposed to kill, not look pretty.

He took a swig of the mead, just for a taste. No point in letting a whole bottle go to waste is there?

"Oh, can we have some Draco?" Idiot one said, motioning to the bottle.

"No, you fat moron." Draco replied, "This is for something special."

"But I want some!" The idiot wined.

"Bugger off man," said Draco, thinking of a way to distract his idiot friend, "Maybe Pansy will let you feel her up if you tell her I said so."

"You think so?" he asked

"Worth a shot," Draco replied, shooing the two morons out the door.

Let them feel her up? Heh, not bloody likely.

Now wheres that poison? There, now all I need is a funnel...

Later that night Idiot one and two stumbled back up to their dorm with big grins plastered across their faces.

Pansy is such a slut! Didn't even need to drop Draco's name and she practically dragged them to a broom closet. Not a lot of room for her to suck a couple of blokes off, but she managed.

Place smelled like pine though, weird.

In a great mood, the two plopped down on their mattresses.

A few minutes later idiot one was getting bored, and decided to make the evening more fun.

Stomping over to Draco's bed, he quickly spotted the bottle he was denied earlier on. Popping the cork, he took down a couple of mouthfuls, feeling the burn as it went down.

He quickly handed the bottle to idiot two, who chugged down half the thing in one go. Letting out a loud belch, he then watched as Crabbe keeled over onto the floor.

Lightweight.

Wow, this is good stuff.

He then collapsed himself.

Draco was back to the dorm late that night.

Pansy is such a slut! He just told her what he wanted and minutes later she was sucking him off in a broom closet.

Why do they all smell like pine?

With a grin, Draco entered his dorm room.

The grin disappeared when he saw two bodies lying on his floor.

"Fucking morons!" he cried, "That was expensive mead!"

It wasn't a very good plan to begin with, but leaving a poisoned bottle of booze in a room with a couple of morons was an even worse idea.

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: Thanks to Slytherin66 for the idea

'Twas fun to watch a couple of new people die.

And boy is Pansy a slut!

Worth it's weight in gold

"Wait," He said, "Can you repeat that?"

"What, everyone knows that a galleon is pure gold." Ron replied.

"A galleon is pure gold? How could a galleon possibly be pure gold, it's like half an ounce!" Harry said, "It has to be gold plated or a spell or something..."

"C'mon mate, everyone knows gold is worth a bit, but it's not worth that much." Ron said, a little confused with Harry.

"Ron, gold is really expensive; it's a rare metal."

"Rare, not hardly! Bloody hell mate, with Flamel pumping out gold for the last 600 years its most definitely not rare," Ron explained with a touch of exasperation.

"Nicholas Flamel?" Harry asked, genuinely confused, "What does he have to do with anything?"

"Blimey Harry, you have a bad memory. Remember first year? The stone? It makes you live forever or whatever, but it also turns things into gold." Ron replied, with an air of importance, "Bloody hell harry, the old guy's the richest man in the world for a reason you know."

Harry thought on this for a while. Isn't gold really expensive? Why would it be cheap here, but expensive in the muggle world?

"So wizards still follow the gold standard?" he finally asked.

"The gold what?"

"The gold standard Ron, you know, the worth of currency is directly proportional to its worth in gold?" Harry asked, "There's no international market or paper currency or any of that stuff?"

"Huh? What the hell are you talking about Harry?"

"I mean, a galleon is really gold? A sickle is really silver?"

"Well yeah, everyone knows that Harry, common sense." He replied, "Who would make a coin that's worth more than its metal? And paper? Where do you come up with this stuff mate?"

Harry just sat there for a while.

Shit.

Fuck.

Jesus.

When he heard that his parents left him with a hundred thousand galleons in a vault he thought he was rich, but if that's real gold... Bloody hell, that's probably millions in sterling! That gold has to be worth more melted down than as a fucking coin!

"Uh, I gotta talk to Hermione, know where she is?"

"Where else mate, she's in the library. Mental that one is."

Harry grabbed his bag and sprinted out the portrait hole.

"He must be mental too." Ron laughed, "Paper money? What's next, walking on the moon?"

He made his way to the library in record time. Catching his breath for a moment, he noticed that he was shaking. How has no-one noticed this before? After walking inside, he took a quick look around the room and spotted just the person he was looking for sitting not ten feet from him.

"Hey," he said, "Can we talk for a second?"

"I'm busy at the moment Harry; did you know that no new runes have been invented in over four hundred years? Ancient Runes indeed..." she replied, trailing off.

Sitting down next to her, he placed a hand over her book. "Hermione, this is very, VERY, important," He said quietly, "This might just be the most important thing I've ever heard."

Instantly sobered she replied, "What Harry? Is it about You-Know-Who?"

"No, I just discovered something about the wizarding world that is just so crazy that I just had to get a second opinion." He said, "What's gold worth?"

"What?"

"Just humor me for a moment. What's gold worth? It's sold by the ounce right?"

"I don't know how this is important, but it's about £200 or £300 an ounce. It changes every day."

"Did you know that a Galleon is pure gold?" Harry asked.

"What? No, it must be plated Harry, gold's worth much more than that."

"That's the thing, galleons are pure gold. Sickles are pure silver, and knuts are pure... who cares! Galleons are gold!" he said, while pulling out a single coin. Placing the coin in his mouth, he took a quick bite out of it. "It's gold, Hermione, I wouldn't have been able to do that with a plated coin!" he said.

"But... but... how?" she asked, "How can they possibly have enough gold that a coin that large could be made of gold?"

"Flamel," he answered, "He's the richest man in the world. The philosopher's stone turns things into gold, and he's been doing that for over half a millennium!"

"So a hunk of gold that would cost hundreds of pounds in the muggle world is only worth the equivalent of five pounds?" she said, standing up and starting to pace.

"Yes, and by the count on my last visit to Gringotts I had over a hundred thousand galleons. With the cost of gold in the muggle world, that must be worth millions right?"

"Jesus Christ... forgive my French and the bad pun, but you're sitting on a fucking gold mine Harry." She said, then after a few

moments she came to a dead stop, "Merlin... What's to stop you from emptying your vault, melting it down, selling it in the muggle world, and then going back to Gringotts and buying more galleons with your newly acquired muggle money?"

"What?" Harry asked, not quite following.

"You can exchange muggle money for galleons Harry, how else do you think muggle-born's get their school supplies?"

"Huh, never thought of that..."

"Anyways you take your hundred thousand galleons, sell it to muggles, and take your muggle money and turn the muggle money back into galleons, and what's stopping you from doing it again?"

"Eh?"

"Harry, you could quite literally have ten to twenty million pounds sterling worth of gold sitting in your vault. Then repeat that process and turn that into hundreds of millions... Jesus..."

"Hermione, how could no one have ever thought of this? Why has no one ever used wizarding gold in the muggle world?"

"I guess no one ever thought about it Harry..."

Waiting a moment while weighing his options, he turned to Hermione. "Hey, want to buy an island or two?" Harry asked, "Wait, fuck an island, how about a country?"

After a busy summer where Harry made himself into a billionaire, he and his good friend Hermione disappeared from Britain and the war never to be seen again.

The Order looked for them everywhere.

The just didn't look on the island nation of Montserrat; a nice quiet English speaking country in the Caribbean Sea. The country is recently under new management. They're thinking of changing the name of the island to 'Potter Island'.

Maybe a bit too obvious.

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: From one fic to another, or by even going with JKR's math (which she admitted she is bad at.) the wizard economy is seriously fscked up. This was the only thing I could think of that made it all work.

Well, unless you go by the fact that in GOF someone had hubcap sized coins. If that's the size of a galleon, then there is billions of pounds sterling worth of gold in potter's vault.

...Why must JKR be bad at math?

Conjuring up some grub

The end of war didn't agree with Ron.

It was great in the beginning; he and the know-it-all had finally gotten together. She was a great lay, and the redhead had filled his brain with fantasies of the future. Nine kids, a stay at home wife who would spread her legs whenever he asked – Mudbloods like her are all sluts right? – and a great career playing keeper for the cannons.

It was all coming together.

Well, it was until he told his future plans to his girlfriend.

She was not so enthused. Apparently she only wanted one or two kids. Something about not wanting to be a baby factory. That pissed him off. Then she said she wanted a career. Spell creation? Who the fuck wants a woman making up spells? All they're good for is cooking and cleaning charms! That really got him pissed. Then she laughed when he mentioned the cannons. LAUGHED! Let's see if she's still laughing after a punch to the gut!

Hitting her probably wasn't the best of his ideas.

He lost all of his friends that day. Hermione quickly ran away after the punch; Ratting him out to the aurors. Harry was first on scene and he gave back Ron's abuse ten-fold.

...Acting fully within the law of course.

After a night in a ministry holding cell, Ron was given a five hundred galleon fine – a fine he couldn't possibly pay – and was sent home. Not even his family wanted anything to do with him. Molly looked at him in a way that made him feel like he wasn't worthy to be called her son. Ginny went out of her way to bother him in any way possible. A box of spiders dropped on top of him in the middle of the night. Time release shrinking solutions poured on his underwear. Hell, the bitch even burned his entire chocolate frog collection.

Feeling a sudden urge to move out and to start his adult life, he announced at dinner one night that he was leaving. Everyone at the table gave a relieved sigh; Ron, the idiot that he is, thought it was a sad sigh. They were gonna miss him!

Arthur was quick to send him on his way with a small bag of galleons and magical tent.

When Ron walked out the front door he looked back to see that no-one was waving back. They were all probably weeping all over each other in the sitting room; reminiscing about the good 'ol days with their youngest boy.

Tryouts for the cannons were that day, and Ron was barely able to contain his excitement. With what was left of his money, Ron apparated to Diagon Ally for breakfast at the cauldron. He emptied his change purse onto the table and counted out to see what he could afford.

A couple of witches walked by and laughed at his current money stock. Ron thought they were tittering about how handsome he was.

Using his fingers to leaf through his coinage he counted out 6 sickles and 44 knuts. It's okay, he was going to get a big signing bonus pretty quickly when the cannons started falling over themselves to get him on the team. With what he had on hand he was able to afford a few slices of toast and a couple eggs.

Merlin, food was a lot easier to come by when you were living at home...

He did a few laps after his tryout. He was obviously the best there. That stupid yank was his biggest competition and he had never even played quiddich before. Who in their right mind plays that stupid american knock off game? Pretty good for an amateur though.

Ron had grown up playing the game, he'd played two years at Hogwarts winning two quiddich cups. He was clearly the favorite.

Plus, who would want some Negro on their team?

As he swept down for a landing, he spotted the coaches and scouts heatedly discussing their picks.

He grinned as they called him over and asked to meet them in the front office.

He was so in.

"Well we liked what we saw out there Mr. Weasley," the head scout said, "It was definitely down to you and Shaun."

Ron nodded and rubbed his hands together in glee. "Thank you sir, I've always wanted to play for the cannons. I've been dreaming of this day since forever. When I was six-"

Ron was suddenly interrupted. "I'm sorry Mr. Weasley, but we decided to go the other way." the coach said.

"What?" Ron replied completely stunned.

"We felt that Shaun gives us a better chance to win, now and in the future. You see, we know you're experienced and you clearly know the game, but right now we're looking to the future. You've nearly peaked in your abilities as a keeper, but this was Shaun's first time playing quiddich and he was nearly at your level. Imagine how good he'll be in a year or two..." The older man said, trailing off.

"But sir, I don't think I've peaked, I mean, I only played two years as the starting keeper at Hogwarts, I think I have a lot I can still learn to do!" he pleaded.

"Well, you see the thing is – to be quite honest with you – this wasn't purely a quiddich decision. We here at the Cannons organization pride ourselves on having quality people, even at the expense of talent, and frankly we are worried about your past."

"My past? I helped Harry defeat You-Know-Who! How could that possibly make me a bad person?" Ron said, starting to get angry.

"It has nothing to do with the war Mr. Weasley, it has to do with your problems with the law. It says in your file that less than a month ago you were arrested for a domestic assault. Is that not true?"

Ron was getting very angry now, "That bitch deserved everything she got!"

"Well I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to ask you to leave. This interview is over."

Not one to leave a bridge intact, Ron shot out, "You think that stupid nigger out there is 'quality'? He probably has ten children and kills people in his gang! How does that make you 'quality'?"

"Get out now, or I will have security escort you out!"

Ron was in bad shape: He'd lost his girlfriend, he had no friends, his family would never take him back, even if he got past his pride and asked for help, his quiddich career was over before it had even begun, and now all he had left to his name was a shitty broom, a tattered old tent, and 24 knuts.

And he was fucking starving!

So much for a meal at the cauldron! He couldn't even afford a bottle of fire-whisky to numb his emotional turmoil.

If he could just conjure up some grub or something... wait, conjure up some food, he could bloody well do that! He kissed his wand and then sat still for a moment wondering what he wanted to eat. Bacon! Shepard's Pie! Pumpkin juice!

With a flick of a wand, Ron had a table full of delicious looking food.

And he ate.

Four months passed by slowly

Life was hard when you were unemployed with no prospects. The odd person dropped a sickle or two into his jar, and that allowed him to buy the necessities: Chocolate frogs, the odd bit of tail from a galleon whore, and a subscription to the Daily Prophet.

He could conjure up a chocolate frog, but he couldn't get the damn thing to move without the proper charm, so where's the fun in that? Plus, he needed to replace his card collection.

The whore was clearly needed, given that has hand just didn't do a good enough job. He didn't even mind the missing teeth or the old sagging body because he was so quick at getting off they were normally willing to give a discount. It kinda hurts to pee nowadays though...

The Prophet was also needed. He needed to keep up on his traitorous friends. Most of them were celebrities in their own right.

Hermione had made a Arithmantic discovery which lead her to a develop a new type of shield. A shield that could block the unforgiveables. The cunt! Make be breakfast wench!

Harry was making weekly busts on 'repentant' Death-Eaters and their supporters. Four department heads and half of the wizengamot were now enjoying their cells in Azkaban. Not to mention the fact that Fudge was now sharing a cellblock with his undersecretary; the very same one that Sirius enjoyed twelve years in. Fucking showoff!

Even Loony Lovegood was in the bloody paper! A Crumple-Horned Snorkack? Who gives a fuck about them having the ability to transfer magic to squibs and muggles? I'm bloody homeless!

He flipped the page to the sports section and checked out the quiddich section. His former favorite team finished the regular season on a twelve game winning streak behind their rookie-of-the-year: Shaun fucking Smith! Bastard was even chosen to represent Britain in this year's quiddich world cup, and he was two votes short of league most valuable player! Fuck!

At that moment Ron collapsed to the floor clutching his abdomen, screaming in pain.

Conjuration is great for making temporary things. The average wizard can make a table and chair set that will last a week or two, but no matter how powerful the wizard the conjured item will always eventually disappear.

Dumbledore reportedly conjured a tea set for his N.E.W.T.S that lasted over a decade.

Ron, despite all his other faults, was actually a rather powerful wizard. The food he conjured would last anywhere between three to seven months. Four months had now passed since his first foray into food conjuration.

Food is one of the 5 exceptions to Gamp's Law of Elemental Transfigurations. They say that you can't conjure food. You can, it

just doesn't last. They say you can't so that you are not tempted to do what Ron did.

You see, when food enters the body, it is digested and then spread through the body. The body may burn some of it off. Some might get wasted and leave out the back door, and some becomes part of the body. Some might become something minor like skin or hair, while some might become part of a vital organ like the liver, perhaps a blood vessel, bones, or in Ron's case: All of the above. When the magic holding the conjuration disappeared so did everything it eventually became, blood, guts and all.

If Ron had listened when Professor McGonagall ranted for over an hour about why conjuring food was a bad idea, he probably wouldn't be dying in agony.

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: I see it all the time in fics where Harry or someone is desperate for food and decides to conjure some.

There has to be some laws governing the universe, and I don't think that energy can be created from nothing. I see wizards getting their magic from their bodies; they eat food, and their magic comes from their cores. You can't create something from magic and then live off it, that would be making something out of nothing. Perpetual motion is bullshit in both the magical and the muggle world.

When Sirius was on the run he ate rats, why not conjure some food? I'm sure he got a wand at some point...

Thanks for watching folks!

(AN: March 22, 2010)

A reviewer (DeliaDee) mentioned the 5 exceptions to Gamp's Law of Elemental Transfigurations, so sorta hand-waved that in.

She also mentioned that food doesn't become part of the organs.

I did some research, and found that the liver regenerates, so that would in theory disappear. The skin also continues to grow. That disappearing would be unpleasant ;)

-Lineape

Statute of Secrecy.

Ryan Hetherington had one hell of a resume: Ravenclaw prefect, Thirteen O.W.L.s, Head boy, Twelve N.E.W.T.s, and even Quidditch captaincy in his last three years at school. He was a model student, and his teachers gave rave reviews of his class performance.

Too bad he was mudblood.

They never advertised the blood supremacy bullshit when you were given the "magic is real" speech before first year, but maybe they should have.

Blood meant everything in the British wizarding world. Even with all of Shacklebolt's changes blood was the deciding factor in how your life would turn out.

In fifth year career counseling he said he wanted to be the minister of magic. The adviser gave a little chuckle and simply said, "It might be a tad difficult". Ryan thought that the advisor was simply stating the fact that it would be difficult for anyone. No, just for mudbloods like him.

When Ryan graduated, the first free moment he had was spent filling dozens of applications for a ministry jobs. Any job would do.

A few days later he got three responses. Janitor, postal sorting, and cauldron bottom tester.

He was understandably confused. With a resume like his, he should have been rewarded with a response to all of his applications. He more than fit the requirements on every application he sent.

A few hours later Ryan found himself in a small department of the Ministry of Magic dedicated to the regulation of magical travel. A few questions to a manager resulted in him being laughed out of an office.

"We only hire proper wizards in this department boy! Merlin, they just keep coming every year..."

It was at that moment that he knew the problem, and he also knew he was fucked.

Muggle borns have no place in this society. None.

He was also fucked because he had just spent the last seven years of his life learning things that would not net him a job. He would be forced to work a menial job for a muggle business. He didn't even have a fucking high-school diploma.

Then he got angry.

What right did they have? What makes them better than me? I'm smarter and a more powerful than every single wizard that applied for any of those jobs.

He made an impulsive decision, and in doing so overturned over three hundred years of work by the wizarding community.

He called his reporter cousin with the story of a lifetime.

Ryan was brought before representatives from over a dozen news agencies. Radio, television, print, and most importantly internet publications were present.

They were not told why they were there, and needless to say many favors were pulled in to have that many reporters present. It was crucial that they remain unaware of why they were summoned. For one, if they were told why, then all of them would have thought it a joke. And two, if this story was to break, then the story would need to be sent to as many people as possible and as fast as possible.

The obliviators could erase a couple dozen minds easily enough, but with the advent of the internet, hundreds of millions could hear about this in a matter of minutes. No way in hell they can wipe that many minds.

He started out slow. He told them magic was real.

A few people chuckled.

They stopped when he pulled out his wand and transfigured a nearby desk into a pig. They all sat amazed for a moment. Then the

floodgates opened. He spent hours answering every question and displaying any feat of magic they could think of.

How can magic exist and no one know?

Why are you coming out now?

You can teleport instantly over hundreds of kilometers?

You can wipe people's minds?

That's when things got serious. They all realized that if they were to succeed, they would need to work fast.

They set a time for when the story was to break. No one could go early and risk alerting the wizards of their plans.

At 13:00 GMT on June the 24th in the year 2011, the statute of secrecy was broken forever.

In under an hour, half of the muggle population knew of magic. Skeptics were silenced when a whole slew of disgruntled muggle borns decided to start practicing their magic freely.

For a time fear gripped the globe, but the witch burnings the pure-bloods so feared never happened.

Within a decade the last of the wizarding governments merged with their muggle counterparts. No surprise Britain dragged its feet right until the end.

But then again, British wizards are stupid.

Two can play this game.

The second war had just begun and Harry was already getting tired of the so called 'war'. If anything had actually happened thus far then he might have felt differently, but as it was, both sides were waiting for the other to make a move.

If Voldemort went out into the open, then the ministry would be forced to act. So he waited.

If Dumbledore did anything, then Fudge would have him in Azkaban faster than he could say 'Dementor'. So he waited.

Both sides were content to wait, but Harry wasn't. He was getting the brunt of the abuse in the whole 'Voldemort is back' saga. The media saw him as either a spoiled attention seeking brat, or as mentally unbalanced. Neither appealed to him. Those in the school mirrored the sentiments of the prophet. And then there was Umbridge...

The people needed to get their collective heads out of the sand, and one day in detention – while carving letters into his flesh – Harry had a most devious of plans. The hat wanted him in Slytherin, and this plan was worthy of his house.

So bloody simple.

Just need the headmaster and a few of his order friends.

The next day the entire front page of the Daily Prophet showed a full page spread on the return of Voldemort. Half of the page was allotted to a picture of Voldemort walking down Diagon Ally shooting the dark mark into the sky. The man was flanked by half a dozen of his Death Eaters.

The tide of public opinion instantly turned.

Harry was seen as a hero and was praised for speaking out amongst great public pressure and disbelief.

Dumbledore was once again seen as the bastion of light.

Fudge was exposed as the bumbling idiot he was. His and his staff cleaned out their offices after a rather close vote non-confidence in the wizengamot.

Voldemort and his merry band of men were left scratching their heads.

The dark lord never left the Malfoy estate!

He had an alibi! Bullocks! Can't exactly go to the aurors and say, "Hey! It wasn't me that was in Diagon Ally!" That just might tip them off to his existence.

The dark didn't get to have their head start, and it was very easy to accomplish.

A few black cloaks and masks for the death eaters, and a pink haired auror who had a real talent for changing her appearance was all it took.

Hey, if a death eater could fool an entire school and one of the most powerful light wizards in the world that he was the Mad-Eye Moody, then who says that the other side couldn't use the same tactics?

The sheep who called themselves wizards believed it. There was a picture and it was printed in the prophet, thus it must be true.

But then again, wizards are stupid.

Gobble-Gobble

In Harry's fifth and sixth years he had a secret project. A project that he didn't even tell his two best friends about. Every spare moment he stole away from his friends to work on it.

He was becoming an animagus. Like his father. Like Sirius.

He worked hard. He spent many long nights in the library trying to scrounge up any information he could about the transformation. He even snuck into the restricted section and found nothing.

In a moment of desperation, on a Hosmeade weekend Harry broke many school rules when he fooed to Diagon Ally. No bookstore in the alley had what he needed. So he went to Knocturn ally. There in a small bookshop he found what he was looking for The lost art of the Animagi by Caprica Black.

Upon his return to school he spent the rest of the weekend holed up in an abandoned classroom reading the book cover to cover. He needed to wait until the next Hogsmeade weekend to buy the ingredients for the animagus revealing potion.

One did not get to choose their animal.

After an excruciating month and a half wait for a Hodsmade weekend and for the brewing time, Harry found himself in another empty room. With a transfigured mirror right next to him, Harry was ready.

Tipping the potion back, Harry glugged down the disgusting liquid.

Wait ten seconds, and then for one second your form is revealed.

As he drew closer to the change he felt a tingling sensation building in his nose. At first he thought it was the transformation, but as time drew on he realized what it was; He was about to sneeze! Shit! Just as he made the transformation he let out a loud sneeze and in doing so closed his eyes.

He only got a very short glimpse at his form.

SHIT! FUCK!

It had... Feathers? Yes, Feathers! So something that can fly? YES! That is so awesome!

Quickly forgetting his sneeze, he was reinvigorated by the fact that he was a bird. He worked extra hard for the next year.

The book told him to start transfiguring himself a little at a time. So he did.

His feet turned into that of some big birds. His arms turned into great wings. His legs and torso turned into that of a large bird.

The neck and head were last, and if the book was to be believed, then they were also the hardest to do.

It took him three months, but one night he just had a feeling. This would be the night. Tonight he would become a full-fledged animagus! Like dad! Like Sirius! They would be so proud!

As he tried the last part of his transformation he closed his eyes to help him concentrate. He felt his skin and bones stretching to accommodate his new form. It was done.

He flipped his eyes open feeling such joy; only to feel complete devastation just seconds later. His Father and Sirius would not be 'proud' they would be 'laughing their asses off'.

A Turkey? He's a fucking... Turkey?

FUCK!

He could have waited to brew another revealing potion. He could have trained in something that would actually give him a leg up in the war, but he wanted to be an animagus because it sounded cool.

...But then again, wizards are stupid.

Time Traveling Pedophile

After the battle of Hogwarts there was a brief time of peace. Harry had settled with his girlfriend, Ginny, and was on his way to having a family.

That was, until Voldemort returned. This time he didn't announce his return, and he didn't even tell his followers; he just went and killed every order member he could in their sleep.

By the end of the purge, the only surviving members of a resistance were Harry and Hermione. Convenient. Harry also discovered that Ginny had him under a love potion. Also Convenient.

Everyone they ever knew and loved died.

Harry and Hermione fought for years in a guerrilla style war. Hit and run. Kill as many as possible and run away whenever they hit even the slightest bit of resistance.

Dumbledore was wrong about one of the horcruxes, no surprise, Dumbledore was wrong about a lot of things. Nagini wasn't a horcrux, just a loyal familiar. Albus, the fool he was, had one sitting in his office for half a century: The Sorting Hat.

It took them two years to find that one out. Little good it did, Voldemort decided that seven wasn't a good enough number, and divided his soul into thirteen pieces.

The Dark Lord was too powerful to defeat, not even Harry Potter could stand against him.

It was three decades into the war, and entire generations of wizards were taught at Hogwarts to be Death Eaters. Tom Riddle's forces now numbered in the thousands.

It wasn't a war anymore, they lost, and they knew it.

It was a daring plan, but it was all they had left. Seriously, not even a nuclear weapon could end the war. Seriously. Just drop a nuke on Azkaban island (which is the location of the new ministry).

With the brightest mind of their generation, the most powerful wizard of their generation, and a crafty old portrait (which they still couldn't trust all that much), they came up with something so crazy and so stupid that it just had work. Really.

Time travel.

If you can't beat him here, then why not do it before he gained power? Nothing wrong with that at all.

A time turner wouldn't work; they only work an hour at a time; decades were needed.

Hermione with the help of Dumbledore's portrait spent five years designing a ritual. It included a potion, a spell with an incantation lasting over half an hour (a spell that took years of arithmancy to design), and most disturbing of all: a human sacrifice.

Not just any human sacrifice, but the sacrifice of the caster's one true love. They tried years to work around it, but in the end it was decided that Hermione, Harry's one true love, would die in order to facilitate Harry's trip to the past.

It's not like time travel at this scale has never been tried or anything. A couple of witches and wizards in desperation cook up something in five years that likely thousands of people in the past have tried and failed to do. Hermione is just that smart you see.

Harry would take with him all fifty plus years of knowledge, and all of his magic and control, but he would be in his young body. He would be forced to live through the hell of his existence once again. He would wake up one morning in his cupboard and live his life again.

He knew exactly what needed to be done. He couldn't change big things, or else he would disturb the timeline. The timeline must be followed. Only small things could be changed. Don't screw with the timeline! Timeline! Timeline! Yes, that word is annoying isn't it?

He needed to live in his damned relative's house to keep the blood wards powered. Quirrel must die. Ginny will need to keep the diary, and the chamber must open as before. Sirius, the poor soul, must

stay in that hell. Harry, must take part in the tournament, and that damned re-birthing ritual must take place.

Harry needed the dark lord's body to be rebuilt using his blood. Without it, there was no way to remove the horcrux. Harry needed to stay alive; only he could destroy Tom after all. Prophecies are infallible you know. Especially ones made by half rate seer's who just happen to make them during job interviews...

Nothing must change in order for Voldemort to fall.

He ignored the fact that in doing so, he was playing God with the lives of many, many people. He ignored the fact that he was manipulating people even more than Dumbledore could ever dream to have. He somehow began to believe in Dumbledore's view of 'the greater good'.

Dumbledore (even though they are using his help to create the ritual) is just so manipulative! Evil! Evil Dumbledore! Manipulative! Manipulative! Yes, that word is annoying too isn't it?

Harry gave his lover a long kiss, the last she would ever get.

"Harry... I love you, forever and ever." she cried.

"I love you too, forever and ever." He cried, so cliché.

He then pushed her into the ritual circle and began to chant...

He awoke in an unfamiliar place. It was dark and smelt terrible. Like moldy crotch, and shoe polish.

Where am I? Disregarding the fact that just moments earlier he did a ritual to jump back in time, he somehow forgot all about that...

He fumbled in the dark for his glasses. Where are they?

Then all his memories came flooding back to him. Somehow putting on glasses makes you remember time travel it seems.

Harry was instantly ecstatic.

Their all alive! Sirius! Remeus! Well, I won't be meeting them for a while but still! Their alive!

And Hermione! My love. I promise you, I will not let you be alone like before, I will be your boyfriend! Nope, not creepy.

Harry readied himself for the train.

As he waited on the platform, he heard a loud voice talking about muggles and Hogwarts and magic and stuff. Harry finally realized that his friendship with Ron was set up! Oh noes!

Well that bastard Ron wouldn't be our friend this time! Using the word 'our' because in his mind Hermione and he were already together. Not creepy at all. Nope.

Harry was discounting the fact that aside some petty jealousy, Ron was a decent friend in his past life.

Sitting in his compartment, he waited for the love of his life to come and be his. Not Creepy. nope.

He used a 'keep redheaded people away' spell to keep Ron away. He's awesome like that.

As she walked in looking for a lost frog, Harry's heart leapt. His love! His soul-mate! He could hardly stop himself from going over to her and kissing her and wrapping his arms around her. Not that a mentally fifty year old man wanting to kiss a eleven year old girl isn't beyond creepy and disturbing or anything...

At the sorting feast he had a long discussion with the hat. The horcruxy hat.

The hat has some secrecy thing that makes it so Dumbledore can't question it, because that totally makes sense.

After arguing for a really long time he finally got placed in Gryffindor.

Hat wanted Slytherin because Harry was sneaky and cunning and all that jazz. Also the fact that Harry was a creepy pedophile probably made the hat want the 'evil house'. Not that any good people come from that house. Severus, even though he was proved

to be a good guy, was still evil! Snarky! Greasy! Greasy! Yes, that word is annoying too.

But Harry wouldn't budge. He wanted Gryffindor. It finally comes down to Harry revealing that somehow he is the heir of Gryffindor. It must have skipped a generation or something.

He, having sway with the hat, also decides to force the hat into putting Luna into Gryffindor, and Ron into Slytherin.

Ron, being an all-around decent bloke is rather surprised by this. He is also given a small penis, but that is neither here nor there.

Harry tries to befriend his love, but in doing so seriously creeps her out. She gets an 'old pedophile' vibe from him. Something about how he stares at her nonstop whenever they share a room.

He decides that the only way that he can get together with her is if he saves her life from the troll again.

The troll, sent by Quirrel, goes and meets her in the bathroom once again. Ron (who coincidentally decided to be mean to her on the same day as last time even though he is in slytherin and in different classes) was at fault for making her cry once again.

Harry 'bravely rescues' his love from the troll once again.

Finally earning her respect and somehow, her complete love and devotion Harry kisses her. She kisses back too. Gross, and so disturbing that if this were to be a story, most people would want to leave now.

The next morning in the great hall Harry and Hermione kiss in front of everyone (Eww...). They all clap except for Ron who angrily stomps out of the hall. He wants her despite the fact that he is prepubescent and also made her cry the past day.

The staff start talking about who won the pool – Hagrid - despite the disturbing display of two eleven year olds snogging. They don't know that Harry is older than some of them. Perhaps they would be disturbed with that? Maybe not.

Harry spends most of his free time snogging with his girlfriend (Eww...), or hanging out with his new best friend Neville. Ron sucks.

Everyone in the common room is completely okay with a couple of first years snogging in front of them. Completely normal.

Time passes quickly over the years.

At the end of the year he saves the stone and decides to keep it for himself. Never uses it though.

Second year, he lets everyone get petrified. It's for the greater good you know.

Over the course of the year he and Hermione fall deeper into 'love'. They don't just kiss anymore, they do things that are completely inappropriate for their ages. Not sex though.

Harry saves Ginny and destroys the Horcrux. He didn't save Ginny 'cause he likes her or her family or anything, the bitch gave him a love potion in his last life! ...or something. She can die for all he cares, all he needs is the Diary. He lets her live tho, cause killing her would be bad.

Harry gets a special award all by himself. Ron can go fuck himself.

Harry and Hermione sleep together every night now. Not naked, and no sex! Eww!

Third year, Harry meets Sirius, but lets him stay a fugitive because he needs Wormtail to go back to his master.

Must preserve the timeline.

Yup, still annoying.

Fourth year, Harry and Hermione are really, really close. Creepy close.

When Harry's name comes out of the goblet, he decides to be all awesome and win it.

Hermione helps him train, but the night before the first task she is totally worried and decides it's time to 'make love' which in actuality is more like 'statutory rape' or 'molesting a minor' or any other thing. Harry is a bad person and decides to do it. If this were a story, then the person reading this would like to know who to notify because this is totally gross and wrong. Not just creepy anymore, but wrong.

Harry takes her to the ball and it's all lovey-dovey and totally creepy.

The third task comes. Harry and Cedric are portkeyed to the graveyard. Harry saves Cedric's life and somehow the ritual still works. Escaping, Harry realizes that he has a witness now, so Fudge can't ignore Voldemort's return. Yay! Totally not planned!

Over the summer before fifth year, Harry decides that now that all the pieces are in place he can start the horcrux 'hunt'.

The diary is destroyed.

The locket was easy enough to destroy.

The cup was easy to get because Harry is awesome and got Sirius' name cleared. As head of house black, he claimed the LeStrange vaults and took the cup. Yep, that simple.

The ring was a bit difficult because there were traps, but it all worked out in the end.

When school started, Harry got the diadem from the room of requirement, and used Dobby to get the hat.

Poor first years didn't get sorted. Now there's house unity and all that crap.

Now Harry is ready to be 'killed' by Voldemort. He has secretly been training for as long as he has been back to kill Tom Fucking Riddle.

After a short search, Harry finds Voldemort and dies.

He does the whole 'train station' thing and comes back to life. Yay Harry.

Fighting Voldemort and all of his followers for the last time, Harry finally strikes down the evil bastard.

Harry is all happy and stuff and returns to Hogwarts to have 'normal' fifth, sixth, and seventh years.

After graduation Harry and Hermione have a giant wedding. Everyone is invited. Except Dumbledore, Snape, or the Weasleys. Ron sucks.

After the wedding they go to their suite to consummate the marriage, but before they have sex, Harry decides it's time to tell her the truth about everything.

He starts with his past life and works his way from there. Every manipulation, every wrong he ever did was told.

If he had looked up at any time from the story he might have seen the horrified look on her face. He might have then seen that look turn from horror to disgust and then finally turn to absolute rage.

When he stopped, she finally decided to let him have it.

"Do you fancy yourself God?" She screamed, "What is wrong with you?" She took a good look at him and continued, "Did you groom me to love you? Fuck! You're like sixty! We've had sex!"

Harry tried to put a hand on her shoulder to calm her down.

"Get your hands off me you fucking pervert! Pedophile! What's wrong with you? I was fifteen when we first had sex, you were what? Fifty?" she waited to catch her breath, "Merlin! What about Ginny? You let her get possessed? Fuck! Sirius! You let him stay in Azkaban?"

"It was for the greater good..."

"Fuck your greater good, and fuck you too!"

After that, she got up and ran off, slamming the door as she went.

That was not the response he expected. He didn't think she would take it that way.

...But then again, time traveling wizards are stupid.

AN: This is my take on the ridiculous 'time travel' Genre.

Initially, I had a blurb here about another author's story, but I feel that I don't need to bash him/her specifically when the genre itself is ripe with so many clichés and filled with such bad writing.

Not that I dislike all time-travel stories; most of my disdain for this genre comes from the fact that I actually like to read a well written time travel fic, and always inevitably find myself wading through all the crap to find something worthwhile.

Cheers

PS: Some people have taken from this chapter that I love Snape, Dumbledore, and Ron.

I don't.

Even going just from what I've written in this fic you should know that I hate Ron. I've killed him like 4 or 5 times.

I've had Dumbles make some terrible mistakes. Dumbledore is clearly not a great person, but in fanon people have made Dumbledore into this person that is just so unrealistically evil.

Snape I'm mostly okay with.

For some reason people have it in their heads that Snape asked Voldemort to spare Lily for a sex slave.

Uh uh people.

He was asking Voldemort to spare a childhood friend. He loved her, but he didn't ask for a sex slave. Sorry people.

He was also intricate in the plan to destroy Voldemort. Not evil.

They also use the 'he killed Dumbledore!' excuse to make him look evil, but that doesn't work when you hate Dumbledore too.

Cant have it both ways.

Of trains and kisses.

Remus was getting ready to start his new job, and he wanted to make a good impression.

Sadly it was not meant to be.

The last transformation had done a number to him. He was tired. Dead tired. So tired in fact that he missed his alarm entirely. By the time he was out of bed, he realized that the train would leave in five minutes.

He had packed the day before, but that doesn't help if you miss your train entirely.

He rushed to get out of the house as fast as possible; no time to take a shower, or to run a comb through his hair.

Grabbing his baggage, he concentrated on an alley a block from Kings Cross and disappeared with a loud pop.

He reappeared right where he intended: in a quiet corner with no muggles. Can't just pop in right in front of a busy train station.

As he rushed to the station his mind wandered.

It first landed on his friend Sirius, or rather ex-friend. Escaped from prison, and what was his crime? Betrayal and murder. He was the reason that Remus was to be on that train, his job was to protect little Harry from that back-stabbing bastard Black.

Harry... Little Harry. He can still remember holding him as an infant.

Little known fact; the day Harry was born was the happiest day in Remus' life. That bastard Sirius was named godfather, but Remus always thought of Harry as his son. Dumbledore told him to stay away and he did, but when he came to him a couple weeks ago and told him that little Harry needed his protection, Remus was happy to finally reunite. Finally!

Running through the invisible barrier, Remus looked for the train. It was gone, already half a mile down the track.

Shit.

Can't apparate onto the train, security precaution, you miss the train, then you miss the train. The thing is warded against apparition and portkey, and frankly even if it wasn't warded, apparating onto a moving object is a stupid idea anyways.

Nope, he's not making this train, might as well just make his way over to Hogsmeade, he can meet Harry when he gets to school.

He waited for a few hours at the station waiting for the train. Ah, there it is in the distance. He'd finally be able to see his best friend's child. He'd be able to make up for all of those lost years...

The train slowly came to a stop at the station, and not five seconds after dead stop the first students came galloping off the train screaming.

What the hell?

He rushed forward and grabbed an older student by the arm.

"What happened!" Remus screamed.

"I.. I..."

"What happened child?"

"D... D.. Dementors!"

"What?"

"T-They came into the train and kissed a whole bunch of students!"

Harry!

He quickly let go of the student and sprinted onto the train, bowling over a couple of children in his way. He rushed down the halls of the carriage yelling Harry's name over and over to no avail.

After a few minutes of aimless searching, he decided to look through the cabins one by one. Cabin after cabin he searched. Bodies littered the floor. It took a while, but he eventually found the boy.

As he bent down to check Harry, he paid no attention to the still bodies of the red-headed boy, or the bushy haired girl. His eyes were only on little Harry.

He took the scrawny little body into his arms and peered into the soulless eyes.

The child may have technically been alive, but there was nothing there. No spark of life.

The lights were on, but no one was home.

He cradled the body of his only remaining link to James and Lily. He rocked the child back and forth, and he wept.

No administration could survive the backlash and public outcry from a blunder of this magnitude. Dementors? Guarding a train filled with children?

Over a hundred children were kissed that day. They could try to spin it any way they wanted, but there was no denying that fact. Over a hundred.

As Fudge and most of his senior staff was awaiting their kisses, the only thought going through the Minister's mind was his defense at the trial:

"I had no idea something like this could happen!"

But then again, Wizards are stupid.

AN: Other than Remus in POA, I don't remember there ever being a teacher on the train, so that leads me to believe that teachers don't take the train. Fudge then most likely sent the dementors to the train in the absence of any safeguards.

Its not Remus' fault even though he missed the train, because in all actuality he wasn't even supposed to be on the train in the first place.

-Lineape

Running away, Part one

Harry was pissed. Really pissed.

Voldemort was back, and while that was bad enough, that moron Fudge continued to ignore the dark tosser's return. It would probably require a face-to-face meeting with Voldemort before Fudge would admit his error. Even then, probably not. Not that the Dark Lord scheduling a meeting with the incumbent Minister of Magic was at all likely.

So Tom got to run around doing whatever he wanted.

Then there was the fact that even though Voldemort was back, Harry still had to spend the summer at the Dursley's. That really sucked.

How was that safe?

He was just sent to a muggle house without any visible guards, and not any protections that he could see.

Did Dumbledore want him to die? Was that it?

Stay with the muggles and die by Voldemort's hand?

At that moment Harry decided that Dumbledore couldn't be trusted. He was clearly manipulating him.

He also realized that he was in love with one of the girls he knew. He also started to hate the other girls in his life because they were clearly using love potions... Or something.

So the boy made a list. A list of all the things that didn't make sense in his life.

First year, there was the stone. Why hide it in a school? For that matter, why make the tasks so simple? Dumbledore must have been setting Harry up to test him. No other possible explanation!

Couldn't have been that perhaps Dumbledore's mirror defense really was perfect right? Maybe the traps were designed to be weak in order to lure an overconfident Voldemort into the chamber? Perhaps

Harry by interfering actually ruined Dumbledore's one chance at destroying Voldemort?

Nah.

Second year, there was the whole chamber of secrets thing. Like a 'wise' man like him couldn't have figured out where the entrance was, or what the monster was!

It's not like the chamber has been there for a thousand years without discovery or anything. Also, it's not like Basilisks are extremely rare or anything. Nope. Must be common knowledge that a basilisk's stare as seen through a foreign medium causes petrification and not death.

Third year, there was Sirius Black. Dumbledore was the head of the wizengamot, why no trial?

It's not like Dumbledore could override an executive order by the Minister of Magic, or that just a few years previously the guy tried to feed someone to a werewolf or anything. It's not like a manically laughing Sirius in the middle of street looked pretty damning, or that given all the information at the time, Sirius really did look guilty as sin. He must have known about the switch!

And forth year was even worse!

Gah! How could he be so blind! Dumbledore was clearly evil.

So he started to plan. He needed to leave the Dursley's as fast as possible. Get to Diagon Alley and talk to the goblins, they would have his best interests at heart!

He planned for a week, making sure he thought of anything that could possibly go wrong.

Today was the day. He would be free from this hell, and he could start his new life.

He crept down the stairs with his trunk in hand. Careful not to make any noise, he made his way to the front door and slipped outside.

Lucky (or maybe unlucky?) for him, Dung was the one on watch (...sleeping). Not that it was intentional or anything because Harry had no idea he was being watched.

No idea that he was being watched by both sides.

Under an invisibility cloak half a block away, Amycus Carrow sat reading the Daily Prophet. The sound of a door closing caused the man to look up.

He blinked. Then he blinked again.

Potter was out of the house.

Potter was walking away from the house.

Holy shit! It couldn't possibly be that easy could it?

He deftly followed the boy with his eyes as he walked down the street - in his direction no less! - hoping against all hope that the foolish boy would walk passed the boundaries of the wards.

That's it!

"Stupefy!" he cried. A red beam shot from the end of his wand, and he watched as the boy fell to the ground.

The Dark Lord would be pleased!

Maybe it was Dumbledore's fault for not properly conveying the importance of staying inside, or maybe it was the stupidity of Harry Potter for trying to run away.

Either way, he didn't make it through the night.

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: It Always bugs me when I'm reading a fic and harry just up and leaves for some arbitrary reason. Normally it's a letter from Albus telling him that he has to stay the whole summer at the Dursleys.

The explanations I give are admittedly poor, but the thing is, some fanfic authors decide to make everyone in his life so unbelievably

evil that it's painful to read. They take small things from the books and use bad logic to make everything fit.

My explanations are as equally thin as most of the seasonings people use to make a Evil!Dumbledore fic.

These next few chapters will go through all the things that should happen when Harry leaves.

Running away, Part 2

Harry, after somehow managing to make it out of privet drive unscathed, summoned the knight bus and made his way to Diagon Alley. Most of his totally awesome plan depended on the goblins. They were going to prove to him how evil and manipulative Dumbdore was! Seriously, Harry is the last of a noble pure-blood family, he must be rich!

Dumbledore must be trying to steal his inheritance!

The vault in Gringotts must be just a trust vault, Draco was rich, so harry must be rich! Its not like it was possible that the Potters were a minor pure-blood family.

There were no poor pure-bloods!

Except the Weasleys... They don't count...

Anyways... He must be rich!

And he must be powerful politically!

He was a Potter! He probably had a seat on the wizengamot that Dumbledore was keeping from him!

It was all coming together...

He made his way up to the Goblin, and quickly demanded service.

"As head of the noble house of Potter, I demand to see the head of the bank!" he shouted.

His outburst was greeted with the sound of laughter. Not just from the Goblin he was addressing, but from every person and goblin within earshot.

Calming his features, and wiping a tear from his eye, the Goblin asked, "I'm sorry, could you repeat that...?"

"I said I demand to speak with the head of the bank!"

The Goblin let out an amused chuckle. "And why, prey tell, would the head of the bank want to talk to you?" he asked, barely holding back his laughter.

"I am the head of a Honorable and Noble house! Surely the head of the bank can spare a few minutes to speak with one of his most important clients!"

"True on both counts, but you are most assuredly not an 'important client' as it were."

"What!"

"Well, if Lucius Malfoy or his heir had made the same demands I would usher him into Ragnok's office post-haste, but you are not him, and I am not inclined to cater to the every whim of a spoiled half-blood heir to a minor pure-blood family."

"The Potters are not a 'minor pure-blood family'!"

"Yes they are. You are the heir to a very minor family, and a modest sized vault."

"Modest vault? You mean to say that my family vault is no bigger than my trust vault?"

"Trust vault! Who told you that you had a trust vault?"

"Um, no one, but I just assumed..."

"Well, just to set the matter straight, your 'trust vault', as it were, is in fact your family vault."

"But... I thought the Potters were a wealthy family?"

"Maybe they were during your grandparent's time, but your father was spoiled rotten as a child, furthermore as an adult he was reluctant to find a job, but was still happy to spend the family fortune."

"So um... I'll need to find a job after Hogwarts?"

"I see your father's more slothful qualities have passed on, yes you will need a job after Hogwarts."

"Are you sure that Dumbledore isn't stealing all my money?"

"Positive."

"Well... okay... anyways, there are still some things I need you to take care of."

"Such as?"

"Well, I'll need to take over my wizengamot seat."

"What seat?"

"The Potter seat."

"There is no Potter seat."

"What?"

"What, do you think every pure-blood deserves a seat? What else?"

"Well... I've never received my monthly statements in the post."

"Gringotts doesn't offer any such feature."

"What?"

"You don't expect us to sort through the piles of gold in every vault every month do you? Gringotts prides itself on its privacy and most of our clients would be very reluctant to have goblins going through their vaults."

"Well then how do you assess interest?"

"We don't. That would hurt the bottom line. No, think of Gringotts as a storage facility. We store your gold, and you pay rent to store said gold."

"Well... okay... Do you have something that will allow me to access my vault without having to go down there every time?"

"No, what do you mean?"

"Like a bag that links directly to my vault? Or perhaps like a muggle credit card?"

"No, Gringotts does not offer a service like that."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Okay, um, can you provide me with a goblin portkey?"

"Goblin portkey? Where do you get these ideas...? Going through the ministry is the only legal means to acquire a portkey."

"Well, can you remove the ministry trackers on my wand?"

"Firstly, the trace is not on your wand, but on you. Secondly, did you just seriously ask a goblin to break the law to help a wizard?"

"Forget I asked."

"I might, for a fee."

"Is fifty galleons a good number?"

"Make it a hundred."

"Done." he said, as he slid a small bag of gold towards the goblin.

"Anything else we can do for you?"

"Can you get me a muggle passport? Or a drivers license?"

"Are you really asking for us to break the law again?"

"No, never mind."

"Are we done?"

"Um, one last thing, is there a way for me to take a blood ritual to see if I'm the heir to some unknown fortune like the Hogwarts founders, or Merlin?"

The goblin blinked for a few moments before saying, "That, we can do. Would you like this to be done now?"

"Yes, right away."

"There is normally a wait, but if you are willing to pay a 'line hopping' premium, then you can have it done right away."

"How much?"

"An extra fifty percent markup."

"Okay, do it."

"Excellent. Right this way Mr. Potter." the goblin said, as he led Harry to a back room.

"The ritual is complete, Mr. Potter, would you like your results in written from?"

"No, just tell me! Is it Merlin? Gryffindor?"

"Mr. Potter, you are the heir to... The Potter family..."

"...What?"

"That will be one thousand five hundred galleons please."

...But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: Gringotts is a bank. Not a concierge service. They don't do every possible service under the sun. Having them do so is the mark of a lazy writer.

Or a stupid wizard.

BTW, I am still in need of a beta, anyone interested? Pretty pretty please?

A lead sandwich

Over a thousand sent, and not one opened.

He could think of only one reason. The Dursleys.

He knew they disliked magic, and how could they not?

Petunia's family had been almost entirely wiped out; wiped out by a world that she desperately wanted to be a part of, but never could be. To add insult to injury, she was then forced to take in a child that would be a daily reminder of that world and of a lost family.

He could understand their trepidation, but Harry Potter was a wizard. More importantly, the child had a destiny.

Harry Potter was going to Hogwarts, and to do so he needed his letter. The post was clearly not the answer, so it would have to be delivered by hand.

Who to send, who to send.

Not himself, that's for sure. The headmaster of the finest school of magic in the world personally delivering an acceptance letter?

That would be seen as special treatment.

Minerva? Perhaps, but she was always overworked this time of the year. She personally meets with all the muggleborn families, and sadly, not all accept. Less than one in ten do.

Sometimes she will visit a dozen in the span of a week and come back empty handed.

No, she already works too hard.

Severus? The man does have a personal stake in the case. He knew Lily, and by proxy he also knew Petunia. Perhaps that could be used?

No, Snape would not do. For all he knew, Petunia could have blamed Severus for Lily's death; he did introduce her to magic after all.

Then who?

A few more names passed through his mind, and every single one had a flaw.

Flitwick was out of the country.

Binns couldn't leave the castle.

Trelawney... just, no.

Hagrid... Hagrid! What a splendid idea! Hagrid absolutely adored little Harry. A little slow, but the man could be trusted with any task.

Marvelous. There's not a gentler man alive than Hagrid.

If any person alive could show the Dursleys that good wizards exist, than that man was Rubeus Hagrid!

His rather intimidating physical frame never crossed Albus' mind.

The day they had been dreading for nearly ten years was upon them.

The wizards were coming back.

They had tried. They had tried so damn hard to make Harry normal.

Everything they tried failed.

Every method to prevent magic failed.

They weren't cruel at first, but over time their fear got the best of them.

But after all that they still failed. Harry was one of Them.

Petunia had told him the truth about what magicals could and did do.

Aside from Harry, they had killed her entire family.

Her parents were murdered because they gave birth to a 'Mudblood'.

Her sister died because she wasn't born from a 'proper' family.

What utter rot.

They taught children hexes and curses in school. In school!

They could and routinely did erase memories.

Magical creatures employed by their government could suck the souls out of people!

And Harry was one of Them!

When that letter came he did the only thing he could. He took his family, and he ran!

He didn't tell his dear Petunia that while she helping the kids pack, he grabbed his father's rifle.

She wouldn't have approved, but they needed to protect themselves!

The route to the little shack by the sea was long and hard, but they had made it.

He lay on the lumpy mattress and attempted to sleep, but sleep never came.

What could he do to protect them against a wizard? Against magic?

There was nothing he could do. They were in danger.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a loud noise.

BOOM!

The whole bloody building actually shook! He could see dust particles falling from every nook and cranny of the shack.

They were here!

Instantly wide awake and aware of his surroundings, he knew he needed to protect his family.

As he pulled the gun out from under the mattress, he heard a squeak from the other side of the bed.

"Is that...?" she asked.

"Yes," he said with conviction, "My father's rifle. They won't take us without a fight."

"Oh Vernon..." she said, "I just heard a voice! What about the boys?"

Jumping to his feet, he sprinted to the door.

Slamming it open, he raised the rifle to his shoulder and readied his aim.

"Who's there?" he shouted. "I warn you – I'm armed!"

There was a short pause then,

SMASH!

The door flew back ten feet, clean off its hinges!

He shook as he saw the size of the man.

How is it even possible?

A beast! A giant! Petunia said that they caused the most damage in the war. Why did they send one here?

The beast spoke but he heard none of it. Frozen in fear, all he could hear and feel was the blood pumping in his head.

Dudley and his wife stood behind him, trembling in fear. The freak just stood there. Idiot!

Gathering all that existed of his courage he said, "I demand that you leave at once, sir!" Quickly adding, "You are breaking and entering!"

The beast spoke again and made a sudden move towards him and his family.

In that split second his life flashed before his eyes.

...and he pulled the trigger.

It took three days before Albus realized that Hagrid was not coming back.

Not only did he not report in about Harry, but the man never showed up at Gringotts.

The stone was gone. The bank was broken into.

Albus never realized the depth of the Dursleys' fear of the unknown. It never occurred to the Headmaster that of all the people he could have sent, Hagrid was the absolute worst choice.

Now a man was dead, a child was still missing, and a powerful magical artifact was in enemy hands.

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: Dark. Very dark. Also a half-assed explanation of the Dursleys behavior. Fear does crazy things to the mind.

A thank you goes out to my new beta, DemonicNargles, who as a matter of fact is a pretty damn good writer himself.

If you're into the Naruto fandom, then you should give the dude a try.

AN2: Its come to my attention that this chapter is very similar to BejaB's "Death of a nobody"

It wasn't my intention, but damn, my story is shockingly similar to his.

No plagiarism intended. I hope noone is offended or anything because he did release his two years ago, so he was most definitely first.

-lineape

The belly of the beast

The four sat quietly at their table. None in the mood to eat, and none in the mood to speak.

It had been this way for well over a week.

Every now and then Sirius would try to speak to one of his friends, and every time he was rebuffed. None of the other three would so much as look in his direction.

Finally having enough, Sirius turned to Remus, grabbed his shoulder, and said, "Look Remus, I'm sorry -"

Remus jerked away from the former friend's touch. Fitting him with a fierce glare, he heatedly responded, "Shut up!"

Lupin got up and started to stomp away.

The tension in the air was palpable. Even those at the other tables turned to look at what was happening.

Turning to face him one last time he shouted, "I can't even look at you!" Taking a moment to catch his breath, he practically whispered, "After what you did..."

He cast one more violent glare in Sirius' direction before turning again and storming off to Gryffindor tower.

When Sirius turned to his other friends with a pleading gaze, all he received in response was two cold glares.

All he could think was: How could it have gotten this bad?

It took just another week before the whole story came out.

The ministry became involved when reports surfaced that a Hogwarts student had been missing for over two weeks.

It was not uncommon for post O.W.L. students to come and go from the school as they pleased, but no one had seen or heard from him

since he disappeared. With the constant threat of you-know-who, the ministry was rather proactive in missing person's cases.

A single Auror was sent to investigate; at the surface it seemed that nothing was amiss, but a couple things just didn't add up.

Why had the headmaster never reported Severus Snape missing?

Why were there no attempts to find him?

It was a bit confusing.

After asking the students a few simple questions, the man was left with an interesting picture of one Severus Snape's school life.

Not many friends. A half-blood with a gift for potions. In with the blood supremacists.

And then he found the most important lead of the investigation.

It seems Snape had been mercilessly bullied since his first year, by a group of four Gryffindors.

So he had enemies. Gryffindor bullies, how brave of them. Four on one, how courageous.

When they were called to be interviewed, any Auror with even the slightest bit of experience would have been able to tell that they were nervous about something. They were utterly terrified of being interviewed.

So what were they so anxious about?

It didn't take much to get it all figured out.

During the group interview he found the weak point of their little gang: a meek boy named Peter Pettigrew.

Five minutes into the individual interview the slim, pale boy was shaking like a leaf.

In less than ten he had told the Auror everything there was to know.

So there it was; animagi, a werewolf, a murder, and a cover-up.

The bastard Black lured the boy he hated out into the clutches of a werewolf; a werewolf who turned out to be one of Black's best friends.

The prick doesn't have the guts to kill a man himself, so he forces a friend to unwittingly kill him instead? How does a spineless coward like Black make it into a house prided on its courage?

Even though he wasn't at fault for the death of Severus Snape, Remus Lupin was put down the next day.

If a werewolf kills on the full moon, you don't give it a second chance.

Years of anti-werewolf legislation made it easy to convict the poor boy; a boy who was as much a victim as Mr. Snape was.

They weren't even humane about it. They drove a silver dagger through his heart. He died howling in pain as traces of silver were pumped through his blood stream.

Sirius Black on the other hand was a more difficult to nail.

When the full story came to light, Mr. Black's family saw his behavior as a sign of him being a true Black. With the political clout of the Black family and the full backing of the pureblood contingent in the Wizengamot, the idea of Sirius' case going to trial was laughable.

What Wizengamot would convict a pureblood heir like Sirius Black for the murder of a lowly half-blood? Especially when it wasn't even him that did the deed?

It's not like Sirius killed Snivellus himself; all he did was tell a nosy Slytherin how to paralyze a tree after all.

It was just a prank gone wrong for Merlin's sake!

It's not like he knew that Remus would actually attack the greasy bastard!

Accident or not, the prosecution wanted Sirius to be convicted for something and so decided to go after him for conspiracy to commit murder, being an unregistered animagus, and obstruction of justice.

He pleaded guilty, but four years and a fine was next to nothing compared to life for murder.

Or death for being 'greasy'.

Or death for being a werewolf.

The other two teens had been cooperative with the investigation and so as part of their plea agreement they each only faced a minor fine.

James and Peter stayed friends. In fact, they had actually become better friends throughout the whole ordeal.

They saw that even the greatest of friends could become a betrayer.

Sirius Black. Who would have thought? Because of him, Remus was dead, and so too was a man that while they may have despised, they had never entertained thoughts to kill.

Shortly after Sirius' sentencing, James and Peter each made an unbreakable vow that neither would ever betray the other.

Even without the vow, Peter would have never betrayed James. Any jealousy or feelings of inadequacy had been quashed by the closeness they had shared ever since the incident.

James was Peter's best friend, and James was his.

Their friendship, while strong, was also brief. Peter died in '81 defending the Potter's secret location. Even after suffering three weeks of Death Eater torture, he never gave in. The Death Eaters, eventually realizing he would never break, finished him off.

He was even posthumously awarded the Order of Merlin, First class.

Sirius, on the other hand, was dumped unceremoniously into a specially warded cell inside Azkaban prison, designed to prevent the use of his animagus ability.

Given the consequences of his actions he could never foster an illusion of innocence in his mind. So whenever the dementors passed he couldn't hide, nor could he attempt to find solace in his non-existent innocence.

Every time the foul creatures came near, he would hear the screams as Snape was brutally ripped apart, piece by piece; or more chillingly, he heard the last words his best friend ever said to him:

"You're a credit to your family name, Black. You were clearly never one of us, and you never will be. Your soul is as dark as your name."

Variations on that theme interspersed with the horrifying execution of his dear friend Remus slowly drove him mad.

Over the years these memories became worse and worse as the dementors removed all remaining happy memories.

With nothing to fall back onto, all he could think about was the fact that he effectively killed two people and alienated himself from the only people he ever considered family.

By the end of his sentence he was a slobbering husk, a shade of his former self. He could never have absolution for his sins.

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: I had a lot of help from DemonicNargles on this one. So thanks!

For some reason people seem to deify Sirius after he died, but that 'prank' against Snape just won't let me see him as a great person.

I guess in the end all it boils down to is the fact that if Sirius had his way that night, then he would have effectively murdered someone, and in doing so he would have made a good friend into a killer. That, or he would have forced a good friend to turn another person into a werewolf. Neither is a good thing.

The pitfalls of being a rat

He scurried along the mattress, watchful of the sleeping redhead.

For some reason, the idiot liked to sleep with his 'pet' rat. Unfortunately, that meant that poor Scabbers had to endure anywhere from ten minutes to multiple hours tucked under the moron's arm.

Ron was a very active child, and he disliked bathing to boot; that left the rat trapped in a foul smelling prison until the cretin turned in his sleep and released him from the stench.

Remus once spoke of a muggle product called 'deodorant', perhaps a anonymous Christmas gift would be a good idea?

No, the moron would think that it was stupid and throw it away.

Curses!

As he scampered away, he kept a watchful eye on his sleeping companion. A sudden roll in his sleep - which the boy was prone to do - and he would be stuck. Again. Perhaps in an even viler smelling area?

If he doesn't wash under his arms, how bad would it smell trapped under his crotch?

Thankfully, he made it unscathed to a small crack in the wall.

Why take the stairs where one could easily be stepped on, when one could go through the walls. He was speaking from experience of course.

He leisurely walked through the walls, climbing down a few ducts as he went.

His mind drifted to the many years of suffering at the burrow, and then the suffering with his second stint at Hogwarts.

Lots of cats at Hogwarts.

Lots.

Lots and lots and lots.

So many in fact, that whenever his 'master' put him down – away from his protection - he was in a constant fight for his life.

Why were cats so damn popular!

The cats were bad, but so too were the owls. Any day, at any time, a crazy owl could swoop down and try to take a bite.

At Hogwarts, or at home.

Then there are the classes.

History of magic was dull the first time around, but as bad as history was, it had nothing compared to transfiguration.

For some strange reason, that bitch McGonagall thought it was a great idea for the students to try animate to inanimate transfiguration on their pets!

Peter had no idea if it was the fact that he was an animagus, or perhaps that all animals felt the same when transfigured, but every time Percy tried to turn him into a teacup, he desperately wished he could return to the tender mercies of his true master. The Cruciatus curse had nothing on a failed transfiguration.

Percy wasn't a born genius either. No, he prescribed to the 'practice makes perfect' philosophy.

Needless to say, by the time he did the spell in class, he had already attempted it dozens of times in his dorm room.

Soon too, the moron would be doing the same spells in class, but sadly, Ron was no Percy. Scabbers had no illusions of how painful that spell would be with him casting it.

He kept rushing down, the kitchen being his target.

He needed some real food. Human food.

The food pellets were terrible; they had no redeeming features whatsoever.

Kind of like eating raw oats and freshly cut grass mixed together.

Come to think of it, that's probably the flavor right there.

As he came to another corner, he stopped dead in his tracks.

NO!

NOT AGAIN!

That horny rat with the crazy gleam in her eyes was right there, not five feet away!

He tried to run, but no dice. He was an old rat. She was young.

And vigorous.

Her sexual appetite was insatiable; sometimes five, perhaps six times a day she would find him.

It was rape, but whom could he tell?

For some reason, that insane rapist of a rat had decided on him for a suitable mate. Given that they were of different species, she could try thousands of times and never get pregnant.

It hadn't been a thousand times yet, but she was getting close.

As she left, she squeaked saucily as if to say, "See you later stud."

Perhaps she was attractive for a rat, perhaps not, but as he shakily got up on all four feet, he couldn't help but feel extremely violated.

Feeling tremendously low on himself, he resumed his trek to the kitchen.

Perhaps a good meal would make him feel better about himself.

He made it into the kitchen and made a quick circuit of the room.

Seeing and hearing no one, he transformed back into his human form and made his way to the counter.

A pie! Yes!

It might be for tomorrow night's dinner, but Molly's pies are just so damn good!

He took a slice, and sat down at the kitchen table.

A few bites in he felt sleepy.

A few bites more and he fell flat on his face into the pie.

The next morning Molly made her way downstairs. She was so excited to see if her little plan worked.

You see, over the years she had been tasked with feeding a good number of people; two adults, and seven children was nothing to scoff at. With Harry staying part of the summer, she was forced to cook more food, and without enough time, she cooked at odd times. This led her to an interesting discovery.

Food she made at night and left out for the next day always seemed to have some missing come morning.

She asked the family at dinner once, but no one admitted to any midnight snacks.

So, as a little trap, she laced a pie with a sleeping potion the previous night, and hoped to catch the little thief red handed.

As she suspected, Ron had been sneaking down every night and having a snack.

He was laying on the floor with a half-eaten slice of pie splattered next to him.

After a light scolding, she sent him to his room to change, and then come back and clean up his mess.

Can't leave a slice of pie sitting on the floor can we?

She chuckled as she went in search of cleaning products in another room.

Boy was she surprised to find a grown man asleep on her table.

He could have lived as a muggle, he could have lived in any other English-speaking country as a wizard, but he wanted to be in England, waiting for his master's return.

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: I felt a need to write a lighthearted fic after the downers the last couple have been. Wormtail seemed like a good target.

Thanks to DemonicNargles for Betaing and pointing out how many times I used the word 'moron' in this fic ;)

-Lineape

Twenty Thousand Leagues...

It was a warm day, and two Gryffindor sixth years took their homework outside to enjoy the fine spring weather.

They sat on a couple of rocks overlooking the lake.

The girl's attentions were solely on her assignments, but the young man gazed listlessly at lake; his eyes following the squid as it splashed around.

"Hermione?"

"Yes Harry?"

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but aren't giant squids supposed to be deep sea creatures that live in... deep seas...?"

"Yes."

"Oceans too?"

"Of course."

"Oceans and seas are typically salt water right?"

"Yes."

"And this is a lake; a relatively shallow lake at that."

"True."

"And the lake is fresh water right?"

"Yes."

"Okay then, um... what the hell?"

"I know."

"You know?"

"Yeah um... Mid way through first year I had the same thought."

"And?"

"Well, I looked in the library."

"...And?"

"I gave up Harry, there is no reasonable explanation for it. The squid, a salt-water animal known to live in the deep sea, is for some odd reason living in a fresh-water lake. Hell, it doesn't even seem to be a magical squid."

"Really?"

"Nope, just a giant squid. I heard a rumor that it was Gryffindor in his animagus form, but that just turned out to be an April fool's joke from a few centuries back and the story just sort of stuck."

"Did you ever ask a teacher?"

"Every single one. Snape was a bit rude about it, but even the headmaster didn't know the answer."

"Huh, someone should probably look into that."

"Yeah, they probably should."

"I mean, it's really weird."

"I know. I try not to think about it anymore."

"But it's just... it doesn't make sense."

"Give up Harry. Just... let it go."

"OK, but I still think it's really weird."

"As do I Harry, as do I."

"...And why is it even here?"

"Harry..."

"No seriously, didn't they battle a bunch of squids in Twenty thousand leagues under the sea? Their aggressive aren't they?"

"It pulled Dennis Creevy out of the lake when he fell in Harry; the squid is very gentle."

"The same could be said about the basilisk that was in the chamber, but no matter how 'under control' it appeared, I'd still never trust it near a small kid. I mean seriously, what was stopping that thing from attacking the purebloods too? Slytherin was stupid. Some animals should never be near children."

"I guess I can see that. It petrifying me didn't endear it to me very much either."

"Plus, the squid saving Dennis Creevy isn't exactly a check in the 'pros' column either."

"Harry!"

"What! He's really annoying; his brother too! Anyways, keeping a squid in a lake in close proximity to younglings is stupid."

"Well, what do you want them to do Harry?"

"Put the squid back in the ocean where it belongs so that the universe can right itself for one."

"Harry..."

"Short of that, perhaps a 'Don't feed the giant squid' sign would be a good idea?"

"No one feeds the giant squid Harry."

"Well, then what are those three 'puffs over there doing? OH MY GOD IT ATE ONE!"

"WHAT?"

"Just kidding, but seriously, you believed me, so it can't be that improbable. That, and there really are a few 'puffs over there feeding the squid."

"For the love of God..."

"It's Harry, not God. Thanks for the compliment though. Still, it is possible right?"

"I suppose..."

"Think the school will ever do anything about it?"

"Probably not."

"Exactly. Hell, I doubt they'd do anything, even if it did attack a student."

"I'm sure they would Harry."

"They didn't do anything when the chamber of secrets was opened half a century ago, even after the basilisk killed a student. Why would they do anything about the squid?"

"Good point."

"Well then, wizards are stupid."

AN: Here's a short one for ya.

Cheers.

-Lineape

The power he knows not.

After taking the ministry, very little resistance to the Dark Lord remained.

The Order, while still leading the resistance, was not properly structured for combat; Dumbledore had used it mainly as an information-gathering tool in the past. With Dumbledore's death, the Order lacked the direction and training to do anything more than watch Voldemort take over.

Mere months into his rule, Voldemort had slowly grown tired of the old Ministry building.

For years, the Ministry of Magic had been a constant thorn in his side. In his mind, the building itself was a monument to all the light wizards and Aurors that lay in his wake; mocking him even from beyond the grave.

He destroyed it one day when he was in a particularly bad mood.

Those high in the Dark Lord's favor debated endlessly about possible locations for the new Ministry. Many places made the list.

Hogsmeade was a decent location. It was an all-wizard town, and it was in close proximity to Hogwarts. Sadly, after a little math, it became apparent that it was just not feasible to construct a new structure of the required dimensions from scratch, not without any new taxes at any rate.

When the financial ramifications of a new ministry building struck, they were left with few choices.

Hogwarts was certainly large enough, but it was a place of learning, and they did not want to displace a thousand years of tradition just for that. Purebloods love their tradition.

An old abandoned castle was strongly considered for a time, but it just seemed too muggle for many of their tastes.

The only building large enough that was without a tenant and was designed by a proper wizard was also a place where many of the

dark lord's loyalist followers had already spent a large amount of time. Not by choice of course.

Azkaban.

It was large; had to be to fit all the prisoners the old ministry convicted.

With the dark lord's reforms, no prison was needed. Mudbloods were killed on sight, and most of the petty criminals were given small fines.

Azkaban lay dormant.

The fact that it was on an island was an added bonus; an island is easily defensible. Any assault on the new Ministry would be very difficult if it were on an island.

It was a cool autumn day in the north of France.

The British prime minister was reluctantly attending an EU conference on climate change. It was cold now, and at the same time last year it was warm; how was that global warming?

The French were rattling on about carbon emissions or something equally inconsequential when one of his aids handed him a note.

It simply said, 'The president of France requests a private meeting.'

He penned a reply, 'At the next intermission,' and handed the note to his aid.

He watched as the aid handed the note to the president, and seconds later the French representative immediately stopped the sprawling speech about whatever they were rambling about and called for a half hour break.

Rather confused with the abrupt stop, the prime minister rose and made his way out to the hall.

The President was waiting for him at the door.

"Mister Prime Minister."

"Mister President."

"Let us take this somewhere more private."

They were silent as they made their way to an unoccupied conference room.

As soon as the door closed the Brit asked, "If I could be blunt, what is going on? Why all the secrecy?"

"Have you been kept aware of the recent developments in your Ministry of Magic?"

"Developments?"

"As I thought. Your Ministry of Magic has fallen and has been replaced in a coup d'état."

"What?"

"Lord Voldemort, having risen from the dead, has led his followers to victory. As we speak, the dark lord is slaughtering every person of so called 'lesser blood' he can find. Men, women, and children."

"Why was I never notified? Fudge said that he or his successor would keep me notified to any changes!"

"The Minister of Magic was a fool and felt that he had a lid on the problem. He's dead now, and Voldemort is in total control."

"What can be done?

"I brought with me as part of my entourage the leader of the British resistance. He got in touch with us through our Minister of Magic via his daughter Fleur. I give you Harry Potter."

"Hello mister Prime Minister," the short teen said.

"The leader of the resistance is a teenager?"

"Harry Potter is celebrated as a hero and freedom fighter by most, if not all, light wizards in the world. Despite his age, he is one of the

most powerful wizards alive, and given his closeness to the situation, I thought he had a place at this meeting," said the president.

Properly cowed the Prime minister said, "Well then, what are our options?"

The young man looked around and asked, "If I may?"

Seeing nods from the other two in the room, he continued, "In his new Ministry there is no room for those the dark lord cannot trust. As such, every single member of his ministry is a marked supporter; everyone from the minister and his cabinet, all the way down to the janitorial staff."

"Marked?"

"His most loyal supporters take the dark mark."

"What does that mean for us?"

"All our bad eggs are together in one basket. With a tactical strike, we could take out his entire terrorist organization. You see, as a part of the ritual to receive the dark lord's mark, one must first murder an innocent; all of them are guilty of at least that. Even without the murders however, they are all still collaborating with a mass murderer and terrorist; the loss of them would be insignificant compared to the possible gains from the end of Voldemort's reign."

"Are you seriously suggesting we carpet bomb a large section of London's downtown core?"

"No, I am suggesting we carpet bomb an otherwise empty island kilometers away from the nearest muggle settlements. Collateral damage would be minimal."

"I thought the ministry building was hidden downtown and under the ground?"

"It was, but the dark lord, in his complete ignorance of muggle weaponry, moved his center of operations from a place where any non-magical attack was practically impossible for fear of mass civilian casualties, to a place where he could be destroyed with a single bomb, all without any risk to non-combatants."

"A single dropped – You can't possibly think that we would use nuclear weapons for this?"

"Wizards can teleport instantaneously from one location to another, Sir. If you were to use numerous small ordinances then it would give them time to escape. That, and given that they are using dementors to guard his ministry, I would very much like to see if the beasts could survive a nuclear blast."

"Dementors?"

"The beasts are invisible to muggles, but they still can float on by and suck the souls out of you just the same."

"...Souls?"

"Over the past year under the dark lord's control, they have killed hundreds of muggles, leaving behind soulless husks."

"That was them? We thought there was a new disease..."

"Most of them are defending the island now, but if the dark lord were to die, they would be without masters and all of the dementors now stationed at Azkaban may decide to attack the general population as they so please."

"Jesus Christ..."

"That's why we need to make sure they perish in the assault."

"Yes, no beast that dangerous should be allowed to roam free."

"Something needs to be done soon. Every day the man is alive and in power is another day that the man continues to kill innocents."

"I'll need some time to think this through, and if I decide to use a nuclear weapon, then I'll need to notify some other leaders..."

"Just remember that time is of the essence." he said, and as the prime minister turned to leave he quickly added, "Oh, If you do decide to use a nuke, could I be the one to press the button or whatever you do to launch?"

"Why?"

"The man killed my parents, that, and an annoying prophecy would be fulfilled if he is to be vanquished by my 'hand'."

"I'll think about it."

After a short time of consideration and after consulting with the leaders of many NATO allies, the muggles agreed to Harry's plan.

A threat of Voldemort's caliber was worth any collateral damage that may arise, and given that the only people affected by the blast would be either a dark lord, or a willful supporter, then they were disposed to spare a low yield nuclear warhead.

The dementors may have made an aerial assault by broom virtually impossible, but a muggle bomber could drop a bomb from thousands of feet in the air. Dementors could not float that high.

Harry, riding in the bomber, pressed the button that released the warhead, and the bomb dropped.

The blast annihilated Azkaban; the unimaginable heat was more than enough to vaporize any trace of the dementors. If the dementors – beings thought to be unkillable – were destroyed in the blast, then it was fair to say that no wizards survived the blast either.

Even if the dark lord somehow survived with his horcruxes, it was doubtful he would rise again anytime soon, as few (if any) of his supporters were left alive.

What witch or wizard would have ever thought that the power the dark lord knew not was nuclear?

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: I was considering making a fic where the power he knows not is electricity as he accidentally clips a power line with a cutting curse.

He knew not that a power line was above his head.

That just might be too silly.

Thanks again to DemonicNargles who betaed this chapter. Without this help, this chapter would have royally sucked.

-Lineape

I am what you made me.

Theodore Nott was born into the lap of luxury, but being wealthy doesn't always make one happy.

His father was both the majority owner of the Daily Prophet, and an influential member of the Wizengamot.

He was also a Death Eater.

Needless to say, Mr. Nott was an intimidating man.

So when Theodore's father told him that all the mudbloods needed to die in order for the true purebloods – like them – to maintain their lifestyles, he believed him.

At least, he did at the start.

Father wasn't there much, and mother was dead. As such, his nanny, a half-blood from a minor family, named Patricia Prewett, raised little Theodore.

She was born into a loving environment, free of the idiocy that was blood purity, and was keen to teach her beliefs to him.

For years, the boy was pulled back and forth between the two ideologies. Father – who was never there – told him that those of lesser blood did not deserve to live, and his nanny – who he loved dearly – was someone that his father believed did not deserve to live.

When father learned of the nanny's blood status and treachery, he was furious.

His father told him that he would understand one day.

Theodore had no idea how he ever could.

Regardless, he never saw her again.

His father took a renewed interest in his life after that, but the 'damage' was done.

With years of hearing from both sides of the blood purity argument, he gained something no young pureblood heir ever should: a mind of his own.

Theodore would make up his own mind.

He was so happy to finally leave the house.

Father relented with the constant lectures about mudbloods and their filth, but he still ranted from time to time.

He stopped because didn't need to rant; the new nanny did it for him.

Bertha Umbridge was the exact opposite of his beloved Patricia

She wasn't pretty. She was grotesquely overweight.

She wasn't smart. She had trouble formulating complete sentences.

She wasn't warm. She was cold and unloving.

She was however a pureblood. A pureblood who needed a job. That was all father required for his nanny.

Instead of instilling him with a love for pureblood traditions, as was their intentions, he was instead pushed further from his father and his beliefs.

Secretly, Theodore Nott's goal in life was to become Minister of Magic; he wanted to allow people like his beloved Patricia to have equal standing in the wizard world.

Theodore was ambitious and of pureblood; the hat saw that.

Only one place to put him. Slytherin!

His first week at school was an eye opener.

The house system was simply ridiculous. Because he was ambitious, he was in Slytherin; the evil house. Because he was in the evil house, he was instantly evil in everyone's eyes.

Aside from Professor Snape, every single teacher looked at him as if at any moment he may jump atop his desk and start cursing everyone.

The students were worse.

In the halls he was called a slimy Slytherin. In class when the teacher wasn't looking – and sometimes even when the teacher was – the students would sabotage his work and make snide comments as they did.

Everyone favored the 'good' boys and girls. Potter broke the rules and somehow made it onto his house quidditch team. The twins mercilessly pranked every Slytherin they could because they would never get punished. Potter went into the third floor corridor which was strictly forbidden on pain of death and yet he was praised for being a hero.

As he grew older they stopped calling him a slimy Slytherin and started calling him a Death Eater and a murderer.

That caused quite the sting because his father was both of those things.

Increasingly unreasonable things happened as time passed.

Potter went down to the Chamber of Secrets and got an award for doing it. When it came out that it was a Gryffindor that petrified all the muggleborn students, nothing happened!

Every minor infraction by a Slytherin was penalized to its maximum, yet the Gryffs could do anything they wanted and were rewarded for it!

Meanwhile he was told every single day that he was scum. That his pure blood made him an incestuous pig. Even purebloods considered incest to be disgusting.

His fifth year at Hogwarts was by far the worst in his life.

The dark lord was back, and now it was assumed that Theodore would bow to him.

He was told that on his seventeenth birthday he would take the mark, and he had no choice.

Whats worse was the game everyone played.

Everyone knew that the dark lord was back, but no one would admit it freely.

He thought that Bertha Umbridge was terrible, but her sister was just that much worse.

Delores Umbridge was the epitome of all he hated about purebloods.

Bigoted.

Stagnant.

Stupid.

So sure of her superiority that she thought everyone was below her.

He hated her, but he hated those who just five years ago he staunchly defended.

What was the lesser of the two evils?

In a few short months, the decision was made for him.

Father was in Azkaban; he was caught red handed in the ministry.

Defeated by Potter and a handful of his school friends.

There was no love lost between him and his father, but Theodore never wanted his father in prison.

When the reality of the situation sunk in, he realized how royally fucked he was.

Father was outed as a death eater, and would be in jail for a long time.

The lack of his father's political influence hurt the dark lord's cause.

The dark lord needed the Notts, and now he was the only one left.

He wouldn't be waiting to take the mark on his seventeenth birthday, no, now he would have taken it mere minutes after getting off the train, or he would be killed. Simple as that.

There was no way now Theodore could ever become Minister of Magic. With a father in Azkaban and a dark mark on his own arm, he'd be lucky to escape prison himself!

All of Theodore's dreams died that day.

If he had been told five years previously that he would take the dark mark, he would have been absolutely revolted.

However, when he felt the burning in his flesh as the mark spread over his left arm he didn't feel revolted at all. He felt he had a purpose.

Five years he'd been told that he was evil.

Five years he'd done everything within his power to be anything but.

Five years he'd been bullied for being of pure blood.

Five years he'd taken the abuse in hopes to reform the pureblood image.

His father told him that some day he would understand.

He did.

When he killed his first mudblood, the last thing the filthy beast heard was, "I am what you made me."

If you tell a person over and over again how evil they are, they might just start to believe you.

Slytherins were antagonized daily for being 'dark' or 'evil'. Did the 'light' wizards think that they would take it lying down? No. In fact, all it did was push them into the waiting arms of Lord Voldemort.

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: Thanks again to DemonicNargles who does a great job of fixing all the things I do wrong.

Which is quite a bit. ;)

Holy crap, this fic is now over 200 reviews! I would do a little dance if I could without looking like a compete moron. ^_^\n

All I can do is waltz and line dance. Neither is appropriate to the situation.

-Lineape

Yellow Journalism

Albus Dumbledore had been headmaster for seven years.

He may have only been to seven sorting feasts and six closing feasts as a headmaster, but all the staff meetings in the thirty plus years as first a professor and then as headmaster were starting to grate at his nerves.

As the years passed, the staff meetings were getting especially dry.

Slughorn kept talking about his protégé, a fifth year named Cornelius Fudge.

Who cares? It's not like he'd ever have to deal with him again after graduation.

Hooch kept asking for better school brooms.

Meh, the brooms were fine. They worked quite well in his day, so why wouldn't they work well now?

Regardless, the board would never authorize those kinds of funds.

As far as the board was concerned the only things the school should ever spend more money on was for more teachers, or better potion supplies. There was always old Ursula Black who kept petitioning to acquire a mate for the giant squid; even thirty years after her husband (Phineas Black) died, she still tried to influence the school.

She was very old, and wasn't quite right in the head, so no one really paid her any mind.

Minerva, bless her soul, just wouldn't shut up about this Slytherin first year named Rita Skeeter who wouldn't stop spreading gossip everywhere she went.

Apparently she claimed that she saw a pair of Hufflepuff sixth year boys snogging in some empty corridor.

One of the kids had a marriage contract, and now with this recent bit of gossip the contract was in jeopardy of breach.

Ah, young love.

What he wouldn't give to stick his tongue down Gellert's throat just once...

Sadly his one true love just didn't swing that way.

Nope, Gellert liked innies, not outies.

Gellert wasn't even willing to experiment with polyjuice.

That argument didn't end well... poor little Ariana...

What was going on again? Right, staff meeting.

"Minerva, there will be no need to punish this Rita girl. If these two Puffs have found love together, then who are we to punish her for outing them? Now they can be themselves out in the open. As far as the contract is concerned, it's a win-win. No one should be forced to marry a girl if they find them to be yucky."

"O...kay, that's a very liberal stance – but Albus! They're not even ga-"

"So what's next!"

Nothing was done to stop her.

In her second year she started a rumor that a young Gryffindor first year consistently insulted his friends behind their backs.

The boy was an outcast for the rest of his time at Hogwarts.

Nothing was done to stop her.

In her fifth year, Rita pulled the same stunt from her first year but on a much grander scale.

She said that the Hufflepuff seventh years were all poofers and routinely had orgies in their dorms.

It was a big lie, and that was the point.

Rita had read about the second muggle world war, and learned of Nazi propaganda strategy. The big lie.

The bigger the lie, the harder it is to disbelieve.

The Puff's having gay orgies?

Who would come up with a story that crazy? It must be true.

People believed her.

Nothing was done to stop her.

In her sixth year she became an unregistered animagus.

Her form as a beetle was perfect for her gossip.

Now she didn't even need to lie to get her stories!

Not that she stopped lying or anything. No, she lied more, and interspersed each of her lies with a grain of truth.

With Rita, it became impossible to separate the fact from the fiction.

Nothing was done to stop her.

By the end of her time at Hogwarts, academic rivalry between the houses had turned into genuine hostility.

No one could spot the cause. Everyone was angry at everyone else.

It couldn't have been a few tall tales from one measly Slytherin could it?

In just seven years, Rita Skeeter did more damage to the school than any other witch or wizard had in the past millennium.

Nothing was done to stop her.

In the years following her graduation, she found the perfect career.

A tabloid journalist.

It would be just like school, but with more targets, and a far larger audience.

Instead of a couple hundred students, she could have thousands of people begging for another piece of juicy gossip.

For years she was a perpetual cauldron stirrer.

Every time things looked up, another scandal.

She reported whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted, truth be damned.

Her 'big lie' philosophy? It worked best when she had a larger audience.

"Muggle-borns want to take over our world!"

"Hogwarts Headmaster's brother has sex with goats!"

"Lucius Malfoy: Victim, Patriot, Hero."

"Sirius Black: A credit to his family name."

"Peter Pettigrew: The light's martyr."

"Lock up your windows! Werewolves on the loose!"

"The Boy-Who-Lived: He's at school, but why should we care?"

"Dumbledore makes our school unsafe."

"The disgusting habits of muggles!"

"A werewolf teaching our children? How many have been infected?"

"The Boy-who-lived: Hero, or Glory-Hound?"

"Why Minister Fudge is such a great leader."

"Lucius Malfoy: How could we have been so wrong?"

"The new ministry will protect us from You-Know-Who."

"The Chosen One: Chosen by who?"

"The life and lies of Albus Dumbledore."

"Muggle-born registration act: It's for their own protection!"

A case could be made that Rita Skeeter did more damage to the wizarding world than You-Know-Who did.

She created a rift between pure-blood and muggle-born witches and wizards that was so wide that someone as vile as Lord Voldemort could recruit followers in droves.

Nothing was done to stop her.

The headmaster refused to lay down the law in his school.

Her editors refused to do basic fact checking.

Her readers, the sheep that called themselves witches and wizards, believed every word she said.

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: Thanks again to DemonicNargles for betaing this story.

The Old Punishments

Argus Filch had lived a hard life. Born Argus Black, the boy was pampered just like his three sisters. He was the first born of Cygnus and Druella Black (nee Rosier).

Years one through eleven were simple and carefree. As a Black he was brought up right; he was taught about purebloods and mudbloods. He was taught of his place in the wizard's world.

He was a Black, practically royalty.

His general lack of magic was completely missed early on. Most children didn't perform accidental magic until they were eight or nine anyway, so it was really no problem.

As his tenth year passed without an incident of magic, his parents started to grow weary, but they didn't worry overly much. Some children never had accidental magic at all; they pampered him, so when would he ever feel the need for something so great that his magic would need to respond?

The day he turned eleven was the day when everything changed.

No letter. No letter meant only one thing: squib. They were only second cousins! How could this have happened?

What an embarrassment! They'd been parading around their heir at all the posh events for over a decade, and now everyone would know!

They distanced themselves from the dirty squib straight away. No magic meant no Hogwarts.

Their bastard squib had to go to a damned muggle school!

Sadly, Argus had no previous muggle schooling. His teachers placed him in the 'special' class and taught him as best they could, but the second he hit the age of fifteen, the system washed their hands of him and he promptly flunked out.

They were forced to let the boy stay in school when he was young and in their minds 'stupid', but at fifteen education was no longer compulsory, and they no longer felt an obligation to teach him.

Argus was not the most pleasant of students after all.

He was a Black! Why must he learn from filthy muggles?

Only he wasn't a Black, not anymore. He may have been one in his head, but as far as the family was concerned, he was 'Argus Finch'.

He was alone in the world. He could never return to his family, and he couldn't even find work in the muggle world!

"We don't hire dropouts!" they always said.

As a last ditch effort, he went to the headmaster of Hogwarts looking for a job. The man was known to be fair and just, so surely he would show mercy?

Albus was however reluctant to hire him, and only after Argus dropped to his knees and begged – with tears streaming down his face – did the headmaster take pity on him.

Pringle was old, and perhaps Argus would be a replacement when the time came?

He could clean the floors and take some nightly strolls.

It was hard work for the squib, but he got three square meals a day, and he got a little pocket change for his troubles. He kept his distance from the mudbloods, but he was forced to keep an even greater distance from the purebloods – some of which had been close friends just a handful of years prior.

He had been ecstatic to finally see his little sisters again, but that had been the biggest disappointment of his life. Andromeda had at least been polite in her dismissal, but Narcissa and especially Bellatrix had been violently dismissive.

"Never speak to me again you filthy squib!" she screamed, "You're a disgrace to our family name, and don't you ever tell anyone you

know me! If you ever even hint to anyone that we're related, I'll kill you painfully!"

Even surrounded by his family and hundreds of people, Argus had never felt so alone.

Over the years he grew to resent not only his sisters, but his whole family and eventually he started to resent wizards as a whole.

He became so lonely that the only companionship he could find was in his dear friend, Mrs. Norris.

The Black family was quite large at the time, and so he was never short on family to 'keep him company' or rather to 'torment' him.

Time dragged on for the man, and eventually Pringle retired leaving the caretaker job to Filch.

The Black torture of him didn't stop even with the Gryffindor sorting of one Sirius Black and his band of miscreants.

Andy, Cissy, and Bella had the good grace to leave him alone eventually after he stopped trying to rekindle their childhood friendships, but Sirius would seek him out!

He and his gang targeted him relentlessly.

Perhaps Sirius never told them why they were pranking the caretaker so fervently, but if they learned that he was Sirius' bastard squib cousin, then that sure as hell wouldn't have stopped them.

The eighties were great for Argus. No Blacks. No Potters. There was only the constant taunts and threats by the pureblood children, but nothing like he received in the past at the hands of his 'family'.

Nymphadora Tonks took after her mother, and she simply ignored him as best she could. After four decades of rejection, what was a little more from a halfblood freak-show like her?

The Potter spawn however, could not be ignored when he started in '91.

A celebrity even before he came to school? His head would be bigger than his father's, and that would be quite the accomplishment!

A Weasley as a best mate? He'd had to deal with those blood traitors for years now, and the last pair was worse than the rest combined! How bad was this one going to be? Why oh why couldn't he flog them like in the good 'ol days!

The mudblood that followed them around everywhere was just icing on the cake!

No, Filch didn't like Potter and he made it known every chance he could.

Filch and Potter had their little spats over the years, but as time passed and Potter won most of their little quarrels, Argus began to not just dislike him, but hate him.

He hated him because he was popular and loved.

He hated him for escaping his wrath time and time again.

But most of all, he hated him for being a wizard.

Even when caught, the boy didn't give him the satisfaction to complain. So aggravating!

It took him many years, but he finally found the boy's weakness.

Give him detention cleaning toilets and he would clean silently.

Get a teacher to take points, and he would take it stride.

But if he went after his friends, that was when Potter got pissed off.

Oh boy did he get angry.

So when that delightful woman Umbridge came to the school he practically salivated when she reinstated the old punishments.

Her one rule was that Potter was hers.

Every time he misbehaved he was to be sent to her.

That was fine, she could have the dull one. He wanted one that would scream.

Forty years he had been insulted.

Forty years he had been alone.

Forty years he watched as witches and wizards alike did the magic that he had been denied.

Forty years of anger and hate all bottled up.

Not anymore. As he beat the stupid ginger once again, he laughed.

He never noticed the swelling on the face. He never noticed when the boy stopped fighting back. He missed the blood splattering in every direction, and he sure as hell never noticed when Ron Weasley took his last shuddering breath.

A few days later the caretaker was Kissed.

The High Inquisitor was permanently released of her duties and had a six month term in Azkaban.

Who lets a hateful old squib like Argus Filch have access to the 'old punishments'?

But then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: Thanks be to DemonicNargles who continues to find the errors in my ways. Damn you DemonicNargles! Damn you!

Thanks to Slytherin66 who gave me the idea for this chapter like two months ago.

Sorry about the delays folks, my dad's in the hospital at the moment with pneumonia and a weak heart. One caused the other and the doctors are doing some checks to see which came first.

Drabble Pack One

Business without a degree

The crazy summer ended, and the two proprietors of Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes sat idly by in their now empty shop.

The summer was busy with all the kids out from school, but with the new Hogwarts term in session the kids were in class.

Kids couldn't exactly go to Diagon Alley to buy wheezes could they?

One twin looked to the other and said, "Brother o' mine?"

"Yes brother o' mine?"

"This business venture has not been the success as we had hoped."

"Indeed."

"Think we can make rent this month?"

"Not unless we convert the shop into a wheezes / polyjuice prostitution shop, no."

"Are you in the mood to spend some time in Azkaban?"

"Not really."

"Well that one's out then."

"Yeah..."

"Well, I can see now why Zonko's doesn't have a shop in Diagon Alley..."

"No kids."

"Yeah, maybe we should have thought of that."

...but then again, wizards are stupid.

Über spy

As of late, Lord Voldemort's plans had been ineffectual to say the least.

A raid on Diagon Alley was met with over a dozen Aurors.

An attack on the Burrow netted him an empty, and very much booby trapped house. Bill Weasley had spent years unraveling some of the most dangerous curses placed on Egyptian tombs after all; it was child's play to rig the house to remove all the air within its walls when so triggered.

Every single Death Eater he sent to do a task, regardless of if they were sent on a team or by themselves, was found dead or in a tightly locked cell.

Lord Voldemort couldn't comprehend how it was happening. At first, he thought he had a leak in one Severus Snape, but even after his public execution, the leak remained!

No, Tom had no idea where the leak was, and he would never find it in a million years.

At that moment, the telltale pop of apparition caused Harry to look up from his transfiguration essay.

There stood an elf in a rather posh looking tuxedo

"Agent Dobby reporting for duty, master Harry!"

"Dobby, I'm fine with everything else, but please don't call me master. If Hermione ever heard you say that, my life would be forfeit."

"Sorry, reporting for duty, spymaster Harry!"

"I guess that will have to do. So, what has your team of elves discovered?"

"Dobby be having a good one today! You sees, Winky be overhearing bad master say that..."

Purebloods, and by extension, Death Eaters, warded their houses up the yin-yang. Wizards, witches, werewolves, vampires, and any number of dark creatures were unable to cross the wards of their manors.

House-elves on the other hand... they can't ward them out – who would do the cleaning?

...but then again, wizards are stupid.

The Talon-ted Mr. Buckbeak

He strutted up to the bird with his two goons. It bowed to the three of them, but Draco ignored the gesture and continued until he was within reaching distance of the bird.

"Well this is easy," the blond ponce said as he roughly rapped on the bird's beak. "If Potter can do it anyone can. Bet you aren't even dangerous at all!" he said to the hippogriff, "Ugly little brute aren't you?"

It happened in a split second. One moment Draco was upright and insulting Buckbeak, and the next he was on the ground and blood was rapidly pooling beneath his body.

In the two seconds it took for Hagrid to come to the child's rescue the damage was already done.

The bird trotted off, numerous talons on both legs were covered in blood but no one was looking at the bird.

Everyone was looking at the bloodied corpse of Draco Malfoy.

The first strike – which ripped open his jugular – was bad enough and damn near impossible to repair in time, but the bird ended up taking two more swipes at the boy before losing interest.

Needless to say, there would be no open casket funeral for Draco Malfoy.

It was probably not a great idea, insulting a prideful animal like the mighty Hippogriff.

...but then again, wizards are stupid.

Food for thought.

Rita was having the best day of her life.

A few anonymous tips had her snooping around at Hogwarts once again.

Apparently there was some sort of love triangle or something going on in Gryffindor tower.

Ron was dating Lavender but also fancied Hermione, Hermione secretly liked Ron but also wanted to rekindle her fourth year relationship with Harry "the boy-who-lived" Potter. Harry liked this Ginny slut (who had rumors herself going every which way), but he disliked Hermione, however Ginny was shagging some guy named Dean - and if rumors were to be believed, every boy above fourth year in the castle.

It was less a love triangle, and more a love... pentagram? Hexagram?

Well, it was some strange shape, and Rita loved it!

Her readership ate this shit up – even when it was completely made up – but this time she actually had a grain of truth!

Just an hour before, she had seen this Ron bloke kiss the Lavender chick, then Hermione stormed out of the room in tears!

Then, she stumbled across Harry comforting a distraught Hermione in some abandoned stairwell, erstwhile confirming practically every link in the damn... pentagram? Hexagon?

Anyways, this was turning out to be front page material! She could see the headlines now:

"Hormones in Hogwarts run wild! Who is snogging who?"

"The Golden Trio and their sordid love-lives!"

"The Chosen One's harem!"

Ohhh... that last one was goooood...

Rita was sitting impatiently in boy's dorm to get a little more juicy gossip for her article. She sat quietly in her animagus form, waiting for the show to start.

Not much to do in the mean time.

Only thing going on in the room was that squib Longbottom doing his charms homework.

That, and the frog that was silently stalking his prey.

Trevor loved bugs. Flies, bees, moths. Beetles were good too; not as good as a nice juicy fly, but Trevor was hungry, and when hungry, he was rather indiscriminate for his meals. Especially when his perspective meal stayed put in the exact same spot for over half an hour...

No one took note of her absence for over a month. Journalists were known to drop off the map from time to time when chasing leads after all.

That, and not many people liked her very much.

Probably not the smartest move hiding as a beetle when one of the three approved pets at Hogwarts was a bloody toad!

...but then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: Thanks once again to DemonicNargles for a fine job at betaing (I know it's not a word, but shut up!)

I actually wrote two other little drabbles that just didn't make the cut. They weren't bad or anything (or at least I don't think so), but we both agreed that they didn't exactly fit with the 'wizards are stupid' theme...

...and by 'both agreed' I actually meant that DemonicNargles yelled at me until I cried and did what he told me. :'(

I would start a 'oneshots and drabbles' fic, but I already have too much on my plate with my other more popular fics ;)

Maybe in the future.

The trace

After settling in at Grimmauld place, Harry sat on his bed and relaxed. His trial wasn't until the morning.

In the meantime, he had an awful lot of time to think.

The most prevalent of these thoughts was on how the hell the whole underage magic stuff got tracked. There seemed to be quite a few inconsistencies with the whole thing, and he was left with a number of unanswered questions.

His most recent case of underage magic he could understand – that was him doing magic outside school, he could understand the letter – but he also recalled his previous conviction.

Why did Dobby's magic net him a letter?

Surely there were elves running around in all the posh wizarding households, so why didn't their kid's get charged? Hell, there was an elf skulking around Grimmauld place at that very minute!

So what's the glitch?

Harry decided to ask.

"Dobby!"

Pop.

"Yous be calling Dobby Mr. Harry Potter sir?"

"Yes, I have a question I need to ask you, would that be alright?"

"Great wizard Harry Potter sir wants to ask lowly elf Dobby a question? Dobby be happy to tell yous whatever yous need to know!"

"Right, um, do you remember back before my second year when you came to visit me during the summer?"

Dobby started pulling on his ears.

"Dobby remembers. Had to sticks his head in the oven for that Dobby did."

"Stop pulling your ears Dobby, I'm not mad at you. It's just... how did the ministry think that your magic was mine? As in, how did they pick up that hover charm you did and blame me for underage magic?"

"Dobby doesn't know. When Dobby lifted that cake, all Dobby wanted was for yous ugly relatives to gets mad."

"Okay then, well... what the hell."

"Dobby used his magic all the time with the bad masters, and Dobby used to watch the little master use his wand all the time during the summer."

"Wait, Draco could use his magic over the summer?"

"Oh yes, bad master would spend hours teaching little master dark magics."

"Huh... Okay, thanks Dobby, you've been a great help."

"Thank you master Harry Potter sir!"

-pop-

"Hey! For the last time, stop calling me master! Oh, he's gone. And I'm talking to myself. Like a crazy person. Okay stop now."

So how did they go about tracking underage magic? Was there a spell on the wand that tacked it's use? Did Lucius Malfoy take off the spell? Did he give Draco a spare untraceable wand?

No, that couldn't be right, Dobby never touched his wand.

Do they have a giant magic net set up over the country tuned to sense magic? Maybe, but then what the hell happened with Dobby?

He brainstormed for another few minutes before deciding that he wouldn't find the answer alone.

He got up from his bed, and made his way to the only person that could help him in this situation.

Not Hermione, too much of a stickler for the rules. No way she'd be willing to facilitate a 'criminal' act.

Not Ron. Ron wouldn't have a clue about any of that stuff.

Thinking of Ron, or more like thinking of the Weasleys, weren't there rumors about Ginny having a nasty bat-bogey hex even before she had her wand?

What about the twins? No way in hell they came up with all their prank related charms without the use of a wand! If anyone could find a way to use magic in the summer, it was the twins.

Shame the twins were out drinking, they could have spread their wealth of knowledge.

Couldn't ask any of the 'responsible' adults.

Harry came to the door and knocked. After a moment the door crept open.

"Yeah? Oh! Prongslet!"

"Hey Sirius."

"Padfoot."

"Right, Padfoot. Anyways, I've got a couple questions I need to ask you."

"Girl troubles? You've come to the right man! Wait, unless this is about the talk, then um well you see... when a wizard likes a witch he sometimes wants to –"

"No! God no! I don't need to hear this! Last time was bad enough!"

"Hey, I just thought you might want to hear it again, Arthur told me how well it went last time, and I was hoping to catch a repeat showing."

"Yeah, um, not that. I need to ask you about underage magic."

"Oh? Has the Prongslet come to claim his birthright as a master prankster?"

"That too, but mostly I want to know how they track magic use you know?"

"Indeed! You're not going to get this information from just anyone you see; all the adults around here are far too stuck up!"

"You're an adult Sirius."

"You wound me! Anyways! Come in, come in! Good, okay so the first thing you need to know is that when you walked through the portal at kings cross for the first time you also unwittingly agreed to have a charm placed on yourself called the 'trace'..."

Sirius went into as much detail as he could – which was actually quite a bit.

Being raised in a pureblood household and being a notorious prankster in his day (not that he had stopped with his pranks in recent years) had given the man-child a certain understanding on how to bend or break certain rules.

The trace was kept on a wizard from the very first time they walked through the portal at kings cross until their seventeenth birthday.

During that span, all magic done around them was registered by the ministry. That meant that any other wizard's magic could be picked up by the trace. Or Dobby's magic for that matter.

Harry asked about wizarding households. Why didn't those children get charged?

The ministry ignored them, that's why. If you couldn't prove who cast the spell, and you couldn't force an adult wizard to stop practicing magic, then the only thing left to do was to do nothing at all.

So then, was the trace turned off for those children?

No, just ignored. No way to remove the trace.

What do they do to the records then?

Sirius didn't know.

Several months later.

Cornelius Fudge sat nervously in his office.

The week had started out great. He'd finally dealt the finishing blow to his long time rival Albus Dumbledore.

Well, not finishing blow; the old goof got away, but he'd win in the end!

Without the pouf messing everything up at the school, that lovely lady Delores was having the time of her life, and now the pureblood agenda was once again taking its stride.

Then a couple of days later Lucius Malfoy stopped taking his floo calls. At first Cornelius thought that Lucius was busy, and so he called Narcissa and found that she too was not available. That was alarming.

Over the course of the last week over three dozen influential members of wizard society had simply vanished.

Just... gone!

He had been able to keep the press away from the situation for the time being – Couldn't have anyone actually believing those fables Dumbledore was telling about You-Know-Who being back and attacking families could he? – but they were bound to catch a whiff of the story eventually.

He quietly sent out his most trusted Aurors, but they couldn't find anything.

Finally as a last ditch effort, the Minister sent for the head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

He didn't want to involve her, but in all honesty, the situation had simply spiraled out of control.

His door gliding open by that redheaded secretary of his suddenly pulled him out of his thoughts.

"Madam Bones is here to see you sir."

"Thank you Weathersby. Quickly now, send her in!"

The ginger scurried out the door and a moment later just the woman he wanted to see came in through the door.

"Madam Bones! Wonderful to see you again. Take a seat, take a seat! Would you like some tea?"

She chose to continue standing. "No thank you Minister. You asked to see me?"

"Yes, yes. Troubling times these are. Okay, straight to the point it is. I seem to have stumbled onto a plot of some kind. A most dastardly and evil plot."

"A plot minister?" the elderly witch drawled.

"I don't have all the information yet, but I believe that our old friend Dumbledore has taken it upon himself to deceive the public. You see, I believe he has captured some of our most trusted public officials in an attempt to coerce the public into believing that You-Know-Who is back!"

Amelia Bones just stood there for a moment blinking and trying to wrap her mind around what was quite possibly the stupidest thing she had ever heard. After a moment she decided to say as much.

"That is the most preposterous thing I have ever heard. Have you been hitting the sauce a little too heavily these days Cornelius?"

"What? No! I haven't had a drink in years!"

That anyone knew of.

"If you say so Cornelius."

"I do say so! Anyways, it completely fits, what else could be happening with all of these disappearances?"

"Arrests perhaps?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"My office has over the course of the past week been involved in the arrests in over one hundred witches and wizards for the use of the dark arts."

"What! Why wasn't I informed?"

"I didn't realize it was within your prerogative to decide who does and who doesn't get arrested. In fact, I'm pretty sure it isn't."

"But these are fine members of our society! You have no proof!"

"We do. You see, a little birdie informed us of an error in our implementation of the trace. Us at the DMLE, being the respectable crime fighters we are, aimed to correct that error."

"What error? The trace! These people you arrested weren't underage!"

"Ah, but you see, the trace picks up all spells cast near an underage wizard. So, when say... Lucius Malfoy is teaching his son the Unforgiveable curses, or when Mr. Crabbe is teaching his son the how to control Fiendfyre... that kind of thing is also picked up. We simply assigned a few wizards to go over all the trace reports and find out who lives at each home. Then we found out when said people were at home and cross referenced that to when a spell was cast. After that it was a simple matter of finding out if it was a case of underage magic or if it was a case of Dark Arts use. Both instances would require an investigation you see."

"L-Lucius Malfoy? Unforgiveables? Impossible, it must have been the Imperius curse again!"

As she spoke, she casually walked to his bookcase and ran her fingers over a few of the tomes.

"Cast by whom? Forgive me if I am wrong, but you do believe the Dark Lord is dead, correct? Are you seriously now telling me that the Dark Lord has the ability to cast spells from behind the veil?"

"I uh... hmm... you make a fine point madam."

Madam bones then turned to the minister and said, "By the way Cornelius, there were some strange readings from your daughter's trace, and so I need to ask you a few questions. Of course I need your testimony to be irrefutable you understand – being the minister of magic and such. What's a drop or two of Veritaserum between friends after all?"

Cornelius pissed his pants.

...but then again, wizards are stupid.

AN: Sorry for the long wait between updates. My dad was in the hospital and had some serious surgery done, then I got a new job.

...Then I got lazy.

Hope you all enjoy it.

For those of you following 'Darkly Dreaming Harry', I'll try to have something up in the next couple days, but I make no promises. I just got Red Dead Redemption, and that game pwns.

-Lineape

AN2: (UPDATE... Like ten seconds after posing the chapter...)

Somehow I forgot to thank DemonicNargles for betaing!

Thanks!

-Lineape

Chp30